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ONE PENNY.



CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday evening a terrible calamity occurred at two dwelling-houses near Leather-lane, whereby several persons were killed and many dangerously injured. The street in which the calamity occurred is a little thoroughfare called Summer-street, leading from Eyre-street-hill to Back-hill, and the inhabitants are mostly Italians, who pursue various avocations, some making and repairing the street organs, others engaged in the looking-glass manufacture, and not a few being peripatetic organ-grinders. At No. 4, a house which is described as having belonged to a patron who employed a number of these organ-men, a loud explosion was heard at about five o'clock, and from the basement part of the house there burst forth flames which enveloped the whole of the site, while at the same time the house and part of the adjoining building, No. 5, fell with a loud crash. Captain Shaw and several engines of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade were quickly on the spot, and the fire was limited to the place where it commenced. The hour at which the calamity occurred was one at which the in general thickly-populated houses were nearly empty, the organ-men not having returned; but all who were there, or near the spot at the time, received injury. The people about the place describe the scene which ensued in the conflagration as most exciting. The houses opposite were in danger of catching fire, and, in fact, they were injured by the explosion, and the inhabitants, in the desperate effort to save some part of their little homes, ran into no little danger. A cry was raised that many people were buried in the ruins, and as fast as the rubbish could be moved it was turned over in search of bodies. The master of the organ-men was taken out at an early part of the evening, and, with a woman named Susan Grego, was taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where they were attended by Mr. R. Bond Moore and Mr. Cuddeford, the house-surgeons. Three persons were taken to the Royal Free Hospital, where they were attended by Mr. Hill, the resident surgeon, and Mr. Fagge and Mr. Attwell; one named William Cole, who died at nine o'clock on Sunday morning; a woman named Domenica Villa; and a man named Hince, who was knocked down by the explosion while in the street, and was severely injured in the spine. A body was found in the ruins at four o'clock on Sunday morning, and taken to the Holborn workhouse. A statement worthy of record is made respecting the rescue of the woman Grego. It is said that her son, a young man aged about twenty, was assisting her and a child out when the floor gave way, and let her through. The young man clutched at the child and rescued it, and made his way over some rafters to the roof of an adjoining house, where he deposited it. He then returned, went down the hole through which he saw his mother fall, and succeeded, at the imminent risk of his own life, in dragging her out. It is right to mention that it is alleged the explosion was not the cause of the calamity, but was a consequence of the house No. 4 falling down.

On Saturday last a coal trimmer named John Foulkes, employed on board the Cunard steamer *Scotia*, in the Canada Dock, Liverpool, fell into the dock and sank. William Pritchard, a firman, jumped into the dock, dived, and brought Foulkes up. A rope was thrown to Pritchard, who fastened it round Foulkes's body; but as the men above were drawing it up the rope slipped, and Foulkes fell back into the water. Pritchard again dived, and again brought him to the surface; but, unfortunately, when he was lifted to the edge of the dock he was dead. The brave fellow who had made such noble efforts to save his comrade was greatly exhausted, and had to be carried home. An inquest was held on Monday, and a verdict of "Accidental death" returned.

THOMAS WILSON, of Sneinton, Thomas Wilson, of Nottingham, Edwin Shaw, and Adolphus Corbett were brought up on remand on Saturday at the Shire-hall, Nottingham, before the county bench of magistrates charged with unlawfully wounding two gamekeepers named Reckless and Wilford. The facts of the case are these:—Six men were observed by Reckless (the elder), who is one of Captain Patterson's keepers, in a fox cove at Colwick, near Nottingham. The men were ferreting for rabbits. He immediately got the assistance of his son and two other men, and attempted to capture some of the poachers. Five of the men had sticks and one had a paddle or small spade. The keepers pursued the men across some fields. The younger Reckless collared Wilson, of Nottingham, who shouted to his companions, "Come back and crack the —," and shortly afterwards Wilson struck Reckless on the head with the iron part of his paddle. The poachers used their sticks freely, and Reckless, the elder, caught hold of Wilson by the hair of the head and struck him across the shoulders with a stick, exclaiming, "You murdered my son." There was a wound about an inch long on Jarvis Reckless's head, and on Joseph Reckless's head there was a wound an inch long and a contusion in another place. Wilford had received a jaggy wound on the forehead, cut to the bones, all the wounds being serious. The prisoners were committed for trial.

On Saturday afternoon a collision happened on the Great Western Railway between Wolverhampton and Birmingham. A local train, composed partly of general merchandise trucks, was sent on from Wolverhampton to Wednesbury, to be shunted to allow an express to pass. It had reached the points at Wednesbury when the express, which does not stop between Wolverhampton and Birmingham, was seen approaching. Two of the switchmen and a platelayer immediately ran down the line about 300 yards and signalled the express to stop. The driver of the express put on the breaks and reversed his engine, and at the same time the driver of the goods was moved forward. Martin, the guard, was in his van, and hearing a whistle for a break to be applied thought it was a signal for him, and he applied his break, and also looked out from the van-door to see if the express was coming up. At the same instant the express dashed into the goods. The collision caused Martin's van to be shattered to pieces, as it was tossed up by the express engine, upon the top of which its dislocated framework reared, and Martin was thrown out insensible upon the permanent way. The express engine was thrown off the metals by the collision, and stuck fast in the platform embankment on the Wolverhampton side of the Wednesbury Station, plunging up the earthwork to a considerable extent. Martin was picked up bleeding from a wound about the right temple, his left arm broken near the shoulder, and his left side, at about the ribs, sadly bruised. His escape from death was truly miraculous, and is due entirely to his being looking out of the half-opened door of his van when the collision took place. He was conveyed as soon as possible to the South Staffordshire Hospital in Wolverhampton. Further than being well shaken, and of course considerably alarmed, the passengers in the express were not much injured. The line was blocked for about two hours.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

"LETTERS from Miramar," says the *Memorial Diplomatique*, "state that the attacks of the Empress Charlotte are becoming less and less frequent and of shorter duration, which circumstance is considered a manifest sign that the cure is progressing, and the more surely that it is gradual. The mildness of the weather has caused the postponement of the Empress's departure to Lachroma Island, where she had been ordered by her physicians to pass part of the winter should it become more severe."

We find the following in *La Liberté*:—"Our Vienna correspondent writes that the Austrian Cabinet has received undoubted information that the health of the Emperor Maximilian is regarded with the most serious apprehension by his friends. Our correspondent adds that the Austrian embassy at Paris must have received intelligence of his illness at the same time as the news of his return to Mexico."

A communication from Toulon in the *Messenger du Midi* contains the following:—

"It is asserted that Rear-Admiral Didelot, commanding the naval division of the Antilles and the Gulf of Mexico, has applied for his recall. This determination has been induced by an unfortunate affair which occurred on board his frigate between his flag captain and M. Lannes de Montebello. So much has been said and written on this subject that there is no indiscretion in giving the details, which, in fact, are publicly known. M. de Montebello, lieutenant on board the *Thémis*, having the watch on deck, received a blow with the closed hand from his commanding officer for some insignificant motive. It is true that this occurred in a moment of anger, but nothing can justify such conduct towards an officer, and especially one who bears so illustrious a name. In presence of the inflexible laws of discipline, M. de Montebello found himself in the alternative of blowing out his chief's brains or resigning, so as to be able to demand satisfaction. He selected the latter course."

On this subject the *Moniteur* says:—

"Several journals, in announcing the resignation offered by M. Lannes de Montebello of his grade as lieutenant in the French navy, have alluded to a fact supposed to have led to the determination taken by this officer. M. de Montebello did, in reality, during the month of December, 1865, address to the Minister of Marine in the usual manner a complaint against the commander of the frigate *Thémis*, on board which he had embarked. In conformity with the provisions of the code of justice for the land and sea forces, this complaint was referred to the rear-admiral commanding in chief the naval division of the Antilles, who, according to law, had to see if there was reason to proceed with the case. That officer, on receiving the minister's orders, prescribed an inquiry and nominated Captain Cloué, commander of the naval subdivision of the Gulf of Mexico, to undertake it. That officer, after having collected the testimony and considered the facts which had led to the complaint, addressed Rear-Admiral Baron Didelot a report declaring that there was no reason to continue the proceedings. That determination was adopted by the admiral, who declared that it was useless to open any further inquiry. All the rules prescribed by the law have therefore been observed."

ITALY.

An address having recently been presented to Earl Russell, at Florence, in accordance with Garibaldi's suggestion, the noble earl has written a reply, of which the following is a translation:—"To Signor Bertani.—Sir,—I have received with much pleasure the address transmitted to me through you. The deputies who signed it have rendered me an honour far above my merit; they cannot, however, exaggerate the ardent sympathy I have felt for Italy during her struggle for independence, nor ascribe too much importance to that solemn occasion in which the deputies from the Venetian provinces joined their colleagues as representatives of a free State. Lady Russell unites very cordially with me in congratulations at the favourable issue of the great conflict in which the Italian nation has been engaged, and requests me to thank you for associating her name with that of her father, Lord Minto, also a true friend of Italy. Begging you to accept the assurance of my esteem and consideration, I am, &c., RUSSELL."

SAVING LIFE FROM SHIPWRECK IN 1866.

DURING the year which is just closing the lifeboats of the National Lifeboat Institution have saved 381 lives, in addition to fifteen vessels saved from destruction by the lifeboats. During the same period the institution has granted rewards for saving 495 lives by fishing and other boats, making a grand total of 876 lives saved, mainly through the instrumentality of the Lifeboat Institution. In the same period the crews of the lifeboats of the institution have either assembled or put off in reply to signals of distress 122 times to ships not eventually requiring their services. It often happened that on these occasions the lifeboat crews had incurred much risk and exposure throughout stormy days and nights. The number of lives saved either by the lifeboats of the institution, or by special exertions, for which it has granted rewards since its formation, is 15,856, for which services eighty-two gold medals, 767 silver medals, and 23,380*l.* in cash have been given as rewards. When we remember that nearly every life saved by lifeboats has been rescued under perilous circumstances, it will at once be seen what great benefit has been conferred by the Lifeboat Institution, not only on the poor men themselves, and on their country, but also on their wives and children, who would otherwise be widows and orphans. Since the beginning of the present year the institution has expended 29,657*l.* on its own hundred and seventy-two lifeboat stations on the coasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and since its first establishment the institution has also expended 160,400*l.* on its lifeboat stations. We would strongly urge on all who recognise the sacredness of human life the duty, and even the privilege, to help forward the lifeboat work—a work which has brought relief to many thousands of men, who, instead of being on this very day valuable members of the community, would have been long ago engulfed in the raging waves of the tempest, leaving in many cases widows and orphans, to suffer not only the misery of bereavement but the pangs of destitution.

In our old age the mind brings together the scenes of to-day and those of the long gone time. We shut eighty years into each other like the joints of a pocket telescope.

A MAN of virtue is an honour to his country, a glory to humanity, and satisfaction to himself, and a benefactor to the whole world; he is rich without oppression or dishonesty, charitable without ostentation, courteous without deceit, and brave without vice.

General News.

Her Majesty having expressed her gratification at receiving a copy of the German renderings of the poems of Petöfi, the popular poet of the Hungarians, which had been sent to her from the Continent, Sir John Bowring has just asked for leave to offer to her Majesty his English version, which has just appeared. To this request he has received the following gracious reply:—" Osborne, Dec. 18, 1866. My dear Sir John,—I have not failed to present your pretty little volume to the Queen, who commands me to return you her best thanks for your kind attention in sending it to her. As time allows, her Majesty will be much interested in looking over its contents.—Believe, me, yours very truly, C. GREY."

"GARIBOLDI," says the *Tempo* of Venice, "has just informed an inhabitant of this city, M. Zecchini, who had offered the general the accommodation of an apartment on the Piazza San Marco, that he has not as yet come to any decision respecting a visit to Venice."

GENERAL RENARD, commander of the fourth military division in Belgium, has just addressed to the chiefs of the different corps under his orders a circular which has created a certain impression among the younger officers in the different regiments. He writes:—"Assemble your officers and tell them that I have remarked that several of them, indeed, a large number, or nearly all, do not hesitate in the theatres, promenades, or other public places, to compromise the uniform they wear by speaking to females of a certain class."

"ADMIRAL" SEMMES has at last found a haven. After a stormy career as a pirate, and a still stormier one as a judge of probate and editor of a daily paper, he has become professor of "moral philosophy and belles-lettres" in some college in Louisiana. The more one hears of this gentleman the more one is astonished at his versatility. There appears to be no position in life for which he is not fitted. If he does not like his place we have very little doubt another can be found for him in some other Southern institution of learning as an instructor in biblical exegesis, or the civil law, or Sanscrit, or organic chemistry, or music, or polite letter-writing—nothing will come amiss.—*New York Nation*.

COUNT DE BISMAK's physicians have advised repose for him in a southern climate, and letters state that he will shortly pass through Paris on his way to the south of France.

THE third volume of General Todleben's "History of the Siege of Sebastopol," and the third volume of Mr. Kinglake's "History of the French and British Alliance in the Crimea," will appear in the course of next year.

A NEW island is forming in the Missouri river, opposite St. Joseph, and two citizens have built a shanty on it, in order to secure the first claim to entry when the Government places it in the market.

THE United States Government has decided to send to the Paris Exhibition a large delegation of the North-western Indians. They will take with them their wigwags, war and agricultural implements, and every variety of costume.

THE following model of testamentary conciseness is given in the account of the will of the late Sergeant Stokes:—"I leave to my son, Robert Reeve Stokes, all my personal property absolutely which is not specifically bequeathed. To Kearns 50*l.* a year. Sir Henry and Mary are provided for. Tom I omit, as he possesses a fortune.—Dated October 12, 1859." This brief document disposes of 120,000*l.*—say 3,000 per word.

THE judgeship of the Derbyshire County Courts, vacant by the death, on the 20th instant, of Mr. W. Emaley, Q.C., has been conferred by the Lord Chancellor on Mr. George Russell, of the Oxford Circuit. Mr. Russell was called to the bar by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's-in in 1853.

"A WHEELWRIGHT at Offay (Seine-Inferieure)," says the *Vigne de Dieppe*, "returning home two evenings back somewhat fatigued, asked his wife to make him a cup of coffee, and on her refusal he ascended to his bedroom and hanged himself. The wife, wondering what he was doing so long alone, went up-stairs, and, seeing his position, cut him down. He escaped with only a severe bruise on the head made in falling, and the next morning resumed his work as usual."

THE convict, Sarah Compton, who was condemned to death by Mr. Justice Byles at the Warwick assizes for the wilful murder of her illegitimate child, Joseph Compton, at Foleshill, on the 28th August, has been reprieved.

HENRY BROWNLESS, the pitman, who was sentenced to death at the Durham Assizes for the murder of Ann Reid, a little girl, at Houghton-le-Spring, by blowing up the house he occupied with gunpowder, has been reprieved during her Majesty's pleasure. Memorials had been presented to the Home Secretary from Durham and Houghton-le-Spring in favour of a commutation of the sentence, and there were circumstances in the case which would lead to the inference that the convict was not master of his own actions when he committed the offence.

TERRIBLE SITUATION FOR A FATHER AND BROTHER.—A boy, named Thomas Wyatt, aged fifteen, employed on board the brig *Ayrshire Lass*, was sent ashore by his father (who commands the vessel) in a small boat, to procure a pilot at Tralee, and when about a quarter of a mile from the vessel he fell overboard. His cries attracted the father's attention, and an elder brother of the boy, who was also in the vessel, at once plunged into the water and swam to the spot where his brother was struggling. The boat had drifted away, and the gallant fellow had therefore no means of assisting his drowning brother. He, however, struggled manfully to bring him to the vessel's side; but the father saw from the deck that, unless the attempt was relinquished, both sons must inevitably perish, and he therefore called to his eldest son to let the younger go, which he reluctantly did, and the boy sank to rise no more, and his brother reached the vessel in a very exhausted state, having had a very narrow escape. The body was recovered at low water and interred at Tralee.

SPLENDID MUNIFICENCE.—Some further gifts to hospitals have been made by the benevolent and munificent gentleman who is understood to have set aside £25,000 for the benefit of the London hospitals. We are informed that the circumstances leading to this magnificent appropriation are these. The gentleman in question is a member of the legal profession, and succeeded recently in recovering a sum of £150,000 for a pensioner of the metropolitan police. He made it a condition that, in the case of success, his client should set apart £25,000 for his poor relations, and that he should place in his hands £25,000 for distribution to hospitals. Both conditions, we understand, are being realized; and remembering how often fortunes thus suddenly acquired have been squandered in such a manner as to prove a curse rather than a blessing, there is very great reason to admire the prudence and the nobility of the proviso.—*British Medical Journal*.

Sporting.

THE OCEAN YACHT RACE.

An ocean yacht race of sufficient magnitude to draw the sportive attention of a continent or two is announced to come off the 11th of December. A contemporary of considerable enterprise and of boundless bounce may be said to have the affair in tow, and if the great ocean yacht trial does not become the event of a century it will certainly be for no want of racy historians. The vessels—Henrietta, Vesta, and Fleetwing—are to start from Sandy Hook for the marine light on the west end of the Isle of Wight, at one o'clock on Tuesday next, amid the imaginable cheers of the assembled hemispheres. Great sums of money and great principles of seamanship are at stake; thousands and tens of thousands have been bet on this breezy contest. The yacht Henrietta enters this race perhaps a victim, and it may be to become a conqueror to the extent of the entrance-fee of thirty thousand dollars; but all land lubbers must be impressed with the oceanic character of the sweepstakes. Mainsail, jib, flying jib, jib topsails, fore and gaff topsails, and other marine tackle and torgery, are talked of as only amateur sailors can, with a perfect windiness and hurricane of epithets in these cloudy days of December must be the wonder of your safe landmen and the delight of weather-beaten tars. There are as many as three agreements between the rival yachtsmen, Messrs. Bennett, Osgood, and Lorillard; Commodore M'Vicar, of salt notoriety, is to be the umpire; and Mr. Leonard W. Jerome, whose regret must be that he cannot enter a sea-horse and carry off the stakes with Neptune as a jockey, is to hold the purse. By all accounts the race is to be as spirited as it is princely in its preparation and outlay. Ninety thousand dollars have been subscribed to the common fund, and a hundred thousand, at least, enter into the sport in the form of wagers. The gentlemen who take part in the race are all men of wealth and position, whose amusement takes the shape of the oceanic and heroic. Mr. James Gordon Bennett, jun., who, we believe, is the sole owner of the handsomest yacht of the fleet, goes into the race with a daring energy which the fast-sailing newspaper he edits will strive in vain to emulate. The race, as mapped out, deserves our admiration; for it is the very first time in the history of American sporting when the love of exercise, that still at times stirs the pulse and blood of young Manhattan, has taken the ocean for a field. Let us add our best wishes to the general breeze that will carry these yachtsmen of ours to the Isle of Wight.—*New York Tribune.*

THE START.

The *New York Times* of the 12th instant thus describes the start:—

"The yachts have started; the race of nearly 3,000 miles is begun. Even with the sceptics who pooh poohed the story of an ocean yacht race in prospect, when it reached them weeks ago, there remain no longer misgivings as to the beginning of the end, at least, nor the opportunity 'with arms unnumbered thus, or this head shake, or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase, as "Well, we know, we could as if we would," to suggest to others more trustful than themselves, that there would be backsliding at the eleventh hour. The race is fairly begun, and under auspices the most flattering—fine weather, a fair wind, and the hearty good wishes of all who have learned the story of their going.

"The Vesta, Fleetwing, and Henrietta lay off Stapleton, Staten Island, where they had come to anchor on the evening previous. The River Queen steamed round them, and 500 lusty throats sang out 'Good morning!' Here the scene was beautiful indeed; so much so that one could scarcely note the ungenial presence of the December wind in the deceptive summer look of the picture. The inner bay was dotted all over with small craft of one kind or other, showing off their points of sailing; the steamers waltzed in the maze of their own making around the yachts, sounding their whistles and saluting with their bawling. Flags floated from the prominent buildings on Staten Island. The rival yachts lay quietly throbbing with the swell, as it came and went. Trim order reigned on board of each, while the crews moved busily about, doing mysterious things with rope ends and belaying pins, gathering in groups for some gigantic effort, dimly seen in the distance, with a huge heaped serpent coiled on deck, then separating again with the easy motion and the rapidity of dancers in a quadrille, to crowd together again, perhaps, and answered with a loud huzza the hearty cheer from the deck of some crowded steamer. All this in the bright morning sunshine, with the breeze just stiff enough to give life as joyous to the water upon which this joyful motion played, and to catch the crests of the incoming swell and fling them back upon their course again in little flecks of spray.

"On arrival off the Hook the tugs cast off, and as it wanted but a few minutes to one, the hour named for the start, there was but breathing time before the signal gun from the tug on which the starter, Captain Gearing, of the Rambler, was, was fired and conveyed the order to make ready. At this time the Fleetwing lay well off the Hook, about a mile to eastward, the Vesta about midway between the Fleetwing and the beach, and the Henrietta hugging the shore quite closely. Foresails and topsails rose nearly simultaneously, and almost before the wind had shaped the canvas, the last whistle sounded—being the signal for the start. The yachts answered with a cloud of canvas, each paying off handsomely under mainsail, foresail, main-gaff topsail, and three jibs set.

"The wind was west by south-west and brisk. The Vesta took the lead; the Fleetwing, as before stated, being well off to the northward. The Henrietta, owing to her proximity to the shore, failed to catch the breeze until she got well from under the lee of the Hook, when she bore up heavily. Promptly after starting, the Fleetwing hauled down her jibs and set her square-sail, the other yachts following suit as to the square-sail, but kept their jibs at stretch. The Fleetwing then set fore-topsail and jib. At this point, as the yachts went off like eagles, wind and wing, before the wind, a prettier vision never gladdened the eye and heart of a sailor. The yachts stood a jai-distant from each other, with no apparent advantage to either, from our point of sight, and bearing directly in their course, E.N.E. The sun, hidden for the past half-hour behind billows of fleecy clouds which had arisen with the noon, now broke forth, and lent all the magic of his light to make the purring scene one to be remembered for ever and a day. Against a background of grey misty cloud curtaining the ocean limit to the eastward, the black specks of hulls and the white sails of the yachts seemed to rest motionless but for the occasional flickering of a sail as the breeze coquetted with it, and the lights and shadows flitted with the motion."

The great ocean yacht race from New York to Cowes has been won by the Henrietta. She arrived off Cowes on Tuesday evening at twenty minutes to six o'clock.

The Court.

The Prince of Wales has recovered his usual health, and has been engaged, with a few visitors, covert shooting in the Wolverton Wood and the Baginbly Warren, and partridge shooting on the Flittham manor. The Duke of Edinburgh, attended by Lieutenant Haig, arrived at Sandringham, from Gunton Park, on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and remained until after Christmas at Sandringham House. Viscountess Walden has arrived at Sandringham, and has succeeded the Countess of Macclesfield as lady in waiting to the Princess. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, with Viscountess Walden, General Knollys, Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel, Lieutenant Haig, Mr. H. Fisher, and the guests staying at the house attended divine service at Sandringham Church on Sunday morning. The Rev. W. Lake Ouslow, M.A., officiated.

The Rev. George Prothero performed the service on Sunday morning at Osborne before the Queen, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice.

We are glad to announce (says the *Sunday Gazette*) that her Majesty has made arrangements by which suitable apartments in Kensington Palace will be provided for the permanent residence of her Royal Highness the Princess Mary Adelaide and the Prince de Teck.

It is expected that her Royal Highness Princess Helena will be confined in March, her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales will be confined in April, and her Royal Highness the Princess Teck in May.—*Court Journal.*

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Protect hardy annuals and other plants from frosts and winds. Branches of evergreens stuck in round them will be found an excellent protection through the present severe weather. Take up and relay box edging, if patchy, when the weather will permit. Get in bulbs, such as anemones, tulips, hyacinths, narcissi, &c., without delay. Continue to pay attention to pits and frames, giving all the air possible in mild weather, but well protected should severe weather set in.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Sow a small patch of two-bladed onions on a warm border, somewhat thick, and protect with mats or litter in severe weather. Dig up and replant Jerusalem artichokes in well-manured and deeply-dug ground. Trench out and replant horse-radish. Give outdoor mushroom beds extra layers of dry straw or hay, and collect fresh droppings for early beds. If the seed-beds for cucumbers have been prepared, get in the seed at once in shallow pans or pots half-filled with leaf mould, and, after sowing, lay a piece of glass over the top of the pots to protect them from the mice. Give cauliflowers in frames or under handlights plenty of air, and remove all dead leaves.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Continue tree-planting in favourable weather. Prune and stake raspberries, also manure and dig between rows. Remove old trees, or such as interfere with those of younger growth.

THE VICEROY OF INDIA AND HIS GRAND DURBAR. The grand durbars, or levees, terminated at Agra on the 21st of November. The assemblage was not only much larger than on the former occasion, but, according to the *Times of India*, it was much more influential. There were in Agra with his excellency the governor-general, his excellency the commander-in-chief, three lieutenant-governors, two chief commissioners, several agents to the governor-general, and about a dozen other political agents and residents. These, with their staffs, attended to assist the Viceroy in the duties of the durbar, and some of them were there invested with the Star of India. There were also present to do honour to the representative of her Majesty nearly a hundred leading princes and chiefs, many of them belonging to the royal houses of Rajpootana, who claim to be descended from the "sun and moon," some 300 chiefs and nobles, of less lofty parentage and power, each of whom was attended by a crowd of ministers, retainers, and servants; while private individuals innumerable flocked thither from all parts of India. The chief events of the durbar were the installation of the various knights and companions of the Star of India, which took place on the 16th, the grand durbar proper on the 20th, and the entertainment given on the 17th by his highness the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior, in honour of Sir John Lawrence, which cost the sum of £5,000. Balls, reviews, races, athletic sports for the soldiers, and "at homes," filled up the intervals, and kept a continual round of gaiety. "Yet amid this rejoicing and festivity (adds the paper already quoted) cholera, which 'has all seasons for its own,' was busy on the outskirts of the crowd which had assembled on duty or for pleasure; though it fortunately did not break out into a pestilence. Even the Viceroy himself was prostrated with fever; and the grand durbar had to be postponed for a day in consequence of his indisposition. Happily, he had sufficiently recovered on the 20th to go through the tedious ceremonies, but he looked pale and weak from the effect of his illness. His speech to the chiefs, which was delivered in the purest vernacular, is characterized by vigour, heartiness, and acquaintance with the wants of those whom he was addressing."

ACCIDENT AT A MENAGERIE.—A travelling menagerie was located on the south quay, Ayr, for two or three days, at the close of last week and beginning of this week. On Monday night two or three boys had crept in at an interstice between the caravans, and one of them began to tempt a leopard with a bone. The animal, getting provoked, thrust out its paw, and caught one of its tormentor's companions—a boy named John M'Adam, about nine years of age—by the face, tearing a portion of his nose and cheek, but fortunately inflicting no other serious injury. Dr. Burns was soon in attendance, and sewed the wounds, which are not of a dangerous nature.—*Ayr Advertiser.*

THE HEAD-CENTRE IN AUSTRALIA.—A "strange affair" is reported by the *Ocean Advertiser*, which says:—"On Thursday afternoon a capture which has created some little excitement was made by Detective O'Leary, at Wangaratta. It appears that a man who gave the name of Burns has been about that township on a drunken spree for some days, and while 'in his cups' he asserted that he was Stephens, the Fenian Head-Centre. This was of course looked upon as mere bravado; but the most astonishing part of the affair is, that when arrested by the detective the sum of about £400 was found sewn up in his clothing, all of which consisted of English and American gold coins. Of course the idea of this person being the veritable Stephens is simply ridiculous, but the facts of such an amount of money as this being found in his possession, and the drunken statements made by him, have aroused suspicion as to his character and business."—*Melbourne Argus*, October 27.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN OLDEN TIMES.

ONE of the most important appointments at Christmas in the olden time was that of the jester, who was always the companion of the Lord of Misrule. The proper qualifications of the "jester" were, that he should be comely in person and courtly in apparel, but a very ape in behaviour, and not at all like a human being in his conduct. He must study to coin bitter jests, to throw summer-saults and contract his body, and to sing songs and improvise rhymes on everything. Wine must make him tipsy in a few seconds, and he must make faces and roll his eyes, and thrust out his tongue in the most comic manner possible. When he laughs, he should roar; and he must be always laughing, and make other people laugh, too; and he must dance about the house, leap over tables, trip up his companions' heels, and generally misbehave himself. If a girl isn't looking, he must kiss her, and smack his lips and cry "sugar!" If an old gentleman is stooping, he must take a leap-frog jump over his back; and whenever or wherever boys cross his path, he must knock their heads together, and cork moustaches on the sleeping and unwary. He must bound and jump like an india-rubber ball, insult everybody and never be insulted—always be merry and impudent. If he escapes kicking, or a broken head, then he is a "merric jester;" but if evil befall him, then he is a "sad wag."

The societies of law, in olden times, appointed a Lord of Misrule to watch over the Christmas festivities in their respective refectories. The Middle Temple were celebrated for their Lords of Misrule; indeed, it cost one of them a heavy sum (£2,000) to indulge in the sport; the reward was knighthood from the king when the fun was over.

But with the generality of people the festivities of Christmas did not, in bygone times, commence until Christmas Eve. Then the yule log, or Christmas block, was laid on the fire, and lighted up with a portion of last year's log, saved for the purpose. As soon as supper was ready, the yule candles, too—generally presented by the chandlers to their customers—were lighted, but woe betide anyone who snuffed them, or stirred the fire, until the repast was finished; neither might anybody move from the table till grace after meat had been said. If they did, they had to look out. At these suppers it was considered very unlucky to have an odd number at table.

The day before Christmas was thought to be particularly inauspicious to women. We cannot tell what they had done to merit the punishment, but such was the fact. If the first person to cross the threshold on the morning of this day was a woman, some fearful calamity was sure to visit the house. The water-pipes would burst and stain the ceilings the drains become offensive, and rats appear; or the kitchen chimney be set fire to, or something equally distressing occur. Now, it only required the holy touch of a male foot to avert all these horrors. Let a masculine foot but cross the threshold, and the family were safe. A kil boot with high heels would bring destruction in its wake; while a manly, double-soled Blucher would usher in joy and happiness.

It is asserted that burning the yule log, as well as the yule candles, and the mumming, and the decorations with evergreens, are all borrowed from the heathenish customs of the Saturnalia. What matter! We agree with Thomas Walmesley, that it leaves no charge of impiety to indulge in such mirth, "for since such things are best cured by their contraries, it was both wisdom and piety in the ancient Christians to vindicate such times from the service of the devil, by appointing them to the more solemn and especial service of God."

"Upon the hearth pile up the fire,
And that it may burn clear and bright,
Cast in it every base desire,
All envy, hatred, vengeance, spite.
Believe me, the event will show,
By acting in this way you'll gain,
For you will feel a genial glow
Dance through each gladly-swelling vein,
And onwards to your very heart's core go."

Who, after reading this verse, would throw cold water on Christmas fire, simply because the old Roman heathens burned wood? They ate and drank, too. Shall we, therefore, give up eating? No; so long as teeth will bite or throat swallow, we will bless beef and ale.

It was on Christmas Eve, too, that the presents were sent of game and fruits intended to form part of the morrow's feast. The haunch of venison, with the dangling hoof, the fat capon, the hares, and rounds of beef came tumbling into the hall as though the horn of plenty had been emptied into the passage. With our ancestors, gift-making at Christmas was restricted to friends in the neighbourhood. But with us, John at Land's End may send a turkey to Jack at Newcastle, and it will arrive at its destination as sweet as a calf's breath. Have you ever seen a carrier's cart make the round of a country town on Christmas Eve? The cart is full of presents. Barrels of oysters, hampers with straw clipped round the lid, baskets of fruit, every kind of eatable is stored away in the two-wheeled larder. When the parcel is delivered, how all the family rushes out to see what it is, and expectancy stands with its mouth open, whilst the string is being cut. If it is a guinea hamper, how each bottle is examined, and guesses made as to what it is! How the cork is sniffed at, and the light held behind, and the colour of the liquid disputed about! The carrier is examined as to who sent it, or who left it at the office. He earns his Christmas-box and glass of ale by making the mystery ten times more hazy than before he spoke. We have been told that it is not an uncommon thing for carriers to be intoxicated on Christmas Eve, through drinking the healths of those to whom they bring presents.

One of the most extraordinary customs that formerly prevailed on Christmas Eve used to take place at a nobleman's house in the north of England. Here is an account of it:—

As soon as supper was over, a table was set in the hall. On it a brown loaf was placed, with twenty silver threepences stuck on the top of it. Pipes and tobacco, and a tankard of ale, were also brought in. Then the oldest servants in the family took their seats at the head of the table, and the ceremony began. The steward brought the servants, both men and women, by one at a time, covered with a winnow sheet, and putting their right hand on the loaf—exposing no other part of the body—left the two old fellows to make guesses as to whom the person was. They were only allowed one guess, and if they hit upon the right name the steward led the person back again, but if they made a mistake, then the sheet was removed, and the person received a silver threepence, made a low obeisance to the judges, and departed without speaking a word. The great fun was, of course, in trying to deceive the judges. Mary put on Susan's cap, or Ann stooped to look like Martha. Thomas, the Eight-footed, shuffled like the hall porter, and William, the strong lunged, wheezed like John, the cellarman. When the money was all gone, then the ale, pipes and tobacco were attacked, and the drinking, darning, and singing were kept up all night long. This strange but jolly custom had

been practised ever since the family could afford to buy a brown loaf and stick it over with silver threepences. We sincerely hope that the descendants of this nobleman are all in good health, and in the enjoyment of wealth and happiness.

If our readers will now turn to the engraving on our front page, they will be enabled to judge for themselves how far Kenney Meadows has been successful in picturing the good old custom here alluded to.

CHRISTMAS MORN IN CHURCH.

PERHAPS there is no religious observance more solemnly and reverentially held than that of divine worship on Christmas morning. Not alone the choral anthem, the impressive service, the hymn proclaiming "Christ this day was born," the bright evergreens entwining arch and column with floral decorations—not these alone awaken those holy feelings which swell the hearts of all attending church on that glad morn; but a far purer and holier sense of duty to our Creator, and to Him who was born on that day, arises in the breast; for the season prompts mankind to acts of

SOME CHRISTMAS FACES.

AND now let our reader look at page 453, and gaze upon the kindly phantasmagoria of "Christmas Faces" which "our artist" has displayed as one of the "Christmas plates" in our annual feast. These faces are full of mirth and gaiety, of seasonable joy and laughter. See the postman who has brought the missive which the spruce housemaid so blithely takes in—though, let us hope, it is not yet Valentine's Day—and for which he receives a coin evidently bearing more the semblance of a Christmas-box than of the mulet for an unpaid letter. See the convivial guest at the Christmas banquet, holding up his glass to the glowing light, and marking the presence of the bee-wing with criticising air. See the gleaming face of the jolly Jack Tar, coming back from the "Golden South Americas," with, we hope, stores of doubloons in his pocket. You will be good enough not to pass over the presence of that peculiarly comely sweetheart—she is a dress and mantle maker by profession, but will be some day the wife of a prosperous master mariner. See the "seven poor women"

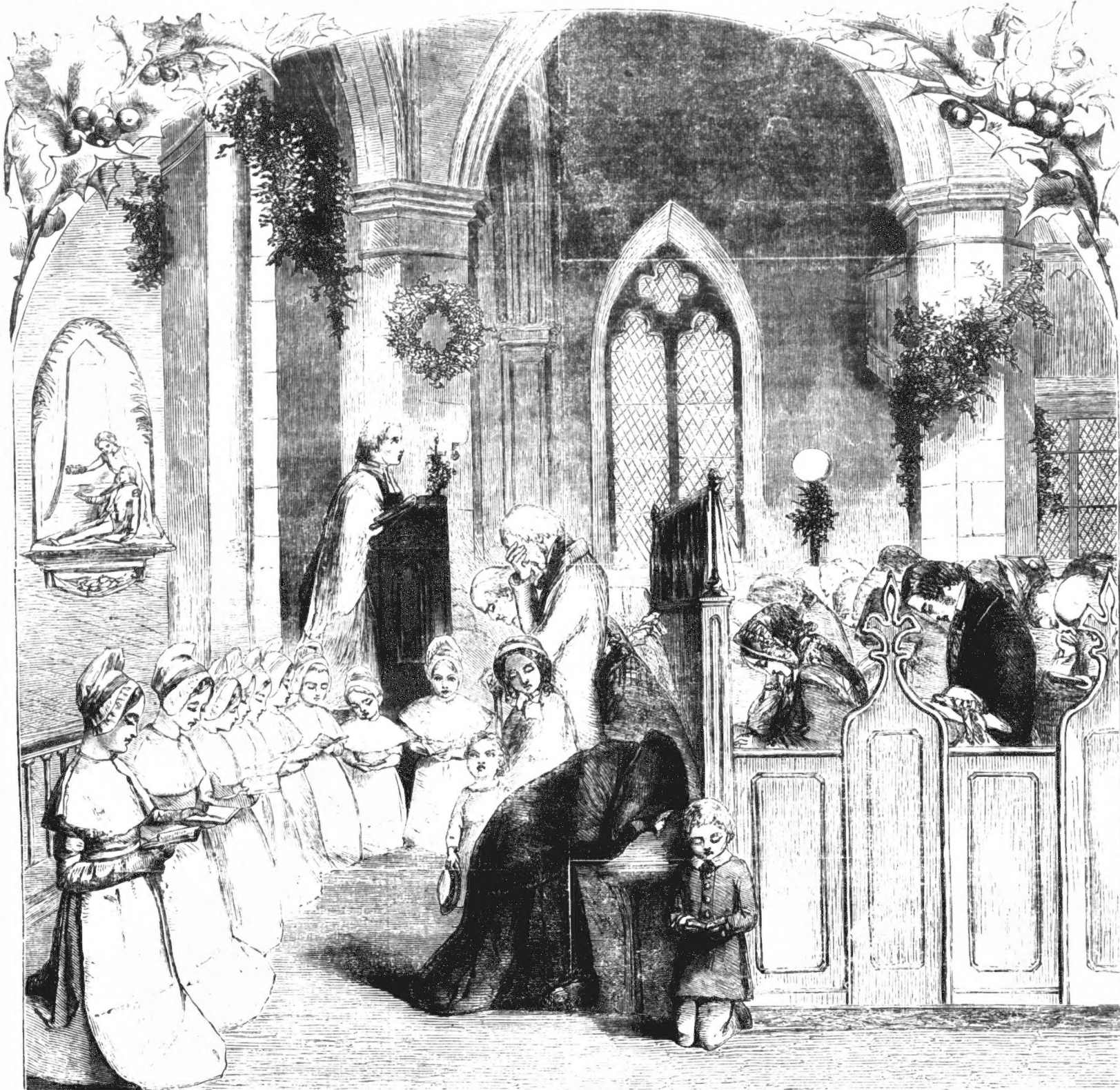
jolly Christmas faces; and fade away in happy humour, for disappearing ye leave nought but smiles upon the faces that regard you.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS OF THE PRESENT TIME.

(See illustrations on pages 456 and 457.)

CHRISTMAS is a great equaliser. The genial, hearty, friendly feelings that rise, or ought to rise, in every breast at the return of Christmas, tend much—more, perhaps, than anything at any other season—to knock down class distinctions, and make all feel, for that one day at any rate, that be our station what it may, mankind are brethren after all. Yet while we live upon this matter-of-fact globe of ours, until we find a short-cut to Utopia, or the Millennium arrives, there must be different classes of society, and, consequently, different ways of spending Christmas Day. The rich man will continue to enjoy his Christmas Day just how he pleases—the poor man how he can.

Yet it may well be questioned whether, after all, the poor man's



CHRISTMAS MORN IN CHURCH.

charity and benevolence. A better feeling actuates all. A sacred chord is touched; and, as in olden time, alms were scattered at the church porch, the giver, on issuing from the sacred edifice, realized all those finer emotions which should be ever dwelling within him. Gazing on the beautiful picture given above, we may trace at once the earnest pleadings of the minister, the devout attention of the congregation—the heart-sobbing of the poor widow, whose husband perhaps sat by her side on last Christmas morn, and whose loss is again forcibly brought home to her bereaved bosom—the attention of the school girls, and particularly of the kneeling boy by the side of the widow, and the upward innocent look of the little child with cap in hand—all these form a picture coming home to the hearts of all who have once visited church on a Christmas morning.

MR. WILLIAM COLE, the "oldest inhabitant" of Crippenham, Cambridgeshire, has just died. He had attained the advanced age of 102 years.

receiving the dole of bread and money, the ecclesiastical authorities and the smug parochial functionaries standing by; see Paterfamilias somewhat gloomy over the "Christmas bills," including a monstrous one for millinery. We are afraid, by the scared looks of the young lady behind, that there are some items lurking in the ominous schedule, relative to point-lace, parasols, and moire antique double-caped mantles, reaching to the feet (for very cold weather, you know), or, perchance, pocket-handkerchiefs ordered at Ludlam's, trimmed with Valenciennes, regardless of expense, and embroidered with the crest and cypher in diamond dust. See the coachman driving stolidly through the snow; see the rosy cook, watching the progress of the Christmas pudding in the bubbling cauldron; see, fitting centre-piece to these Christmas faces, the pair of "young lovers," kissing under the mistletoe. Let no "cruel parent" separate this Vilkins and Dinah of genteel life. May their coldest "cup of pison" be the "loving cup," well spiced and flavoured, that passes round among friends and kinsmen at Christmas merry-makings. Fade away, then, ye

is not the more real enjoyment—of course supposing he is not so very poor as to lack means of having any enjoyment of the day at all. Where this is the case, we can only say, God help him!—ay, and can do our best ourselves to help him too. But for the working man, the father of a family, who can by dint of the most rigid self-denial just manage to make his scanty wages supply his wants throughout the year—for him, we say, we almost fancy Christmas must be a happier time than even for the wealthier classes.

Right merry, doubtless, it is in ancestral halls—glorious in princely mansions, to behold the Christmas table groaning beneath the weight of plenty. Right cheerful is the blaze of the Christmas fireside, flashing from polished grates, reflected upon costly furniture, and multiplied again and yet again by noble mirrors. Pleasant it is to meet in friendly circles, and drink to one another's happiness, from choicest glasses filled with choicest wine. Yet all these things lack one thing—novelty. The dinner may be rather better, and the fire brighter, and the faces rounder,



happier, but there are dinners, there are fires, and there may be happy faces there on every day throughout the year.

But if the poor man can contrive to get a Christmas dinner!—to see for once—but once—in the long year (although he have to pinch still closer for it afterwards), abundance on that table so often bare—to listen to the merry crackling of a blazing fire upon that hearth so often cold—to have his wife and children, usually contented only, for this day, made really, truly happy—this must be something like enjoyment!

For they are happy, that wife and family of his, and he feels it. For years the partner of his home has smiled upon him, kindly when in prosperity, more kindly still when in adversity. No murmur escaping her when work was scarce and it was hard to live; and when work could be had, laying his money out so cleverly that little as it was it served to make his home a happy one. A wife like this deserved a Christmas dinner, and she should have it. He had (extravagant fellow!) spent nearly half his wages for the week to furnish the requirements of that single day. Well, it was money well spent, after all! To see the thorough happiness shed all around was worth the extra self-denial it would cost to make things straight again! We should not have grudged it were it twice as much.

And how the children stared with wonder at the unaccustomed luxury! How eager were they to make trial of its merits! And, oh! when they did taste it—but words are weak to tell how much they liked it. Good little boys and girls, who dine on pudding every day, are not the best judges after all of how very nice pudding is!

And then, that nothing might be wanted, there was the beer just brought in fresh from round the corner! They were not fashionable people—their dinner-hour just suited the time the public-house was open. What a head of froth it had! How fresh and good it was! No wonder that the master smacked his lips after his first long draught. Even the children—down to the baby—tasted beer upon that Christmas Day.

And now another Christmas. May we be pardoned if we mention as amongst the "lower orders" the Christmas party in the servants' hall? Will aristocratic plush turn up its nose indignantly at the thought of being classed with lowly fustian? If so, we can only apologize.

It is, indeed, a very different sort of Christmas party from the one we have attempted to describe above; yet jolly in its way—intensely jolly. But then its way is so wholly unlike the other party's way, that we can only account for our mentioning them together, by the fact of our artist having drawn them both upon one page. No matter. It is Christmas time, and our fault—if fault it is—will doubtless be forgiven in the general amenities of the season.

As to the other two pictures on the opposite page, the games of speculation and acting charades are two well known to require description here.

EXPENSIVE PRESENTS OF "GAME."

At the Mansion House, on Saturday, Thomas Forman, having the appearance of a costermonger, was charged before the Lord Mayor with obtaining money under false pretences. The case excited considerable interest.

Mr. Charles Osborne, clerk to Messrs. Linklater, solicitors, Walbrook, said the prisoner called about nine o'clock on the previous Friday evening with a hamper, which he said had come by the Great Western Railway, and demanded 4s. 10d. for carriage. It was addressed "J. H. Linklater, Esq., 7, Walbrook," and on the corner of the label were the words, "Game. Immediate." The witness asked for his book. He replied in an insolent manner that he had no book, and that it was not usual to carry books at this time of year. Witness refused to pay him without the production of a book, and the prisoner then wanted to take the hamper away. He was not allowed to do that as it was addressed to Mr. Linklater. Witness took the hamper into Mr. Linklater's room, and, calling to a servant to bring 4s. 10d., he examined it. The tails and legs of two turkeys protruded from the top, mixed with wings and feathers. The lid was raised, and seven bricks and a stone were found inside—no game. The prisoner was not present when it was opened. Witness asked him to give him change for half a sovereign and to take the 4s. 10d. for carriage. The reply was that he had not sufficient money about him. He kindly offered to go and get change for the half sovereign, but witness declined to trust him. Witness went out with him towards Cannon-street, intending, in his own mind, to give him into custody, but the prisoner said he could not go there, as his van was in Bucklersbury. Witness went to Bucklersbury with him, but found no van there. The prisoner then attempted to run away, but witness held him until a constable arrived. While they were parleying, the prisoner said he had several other hampers to deliver, and he wanted to get rid of them. He gave an address in Bethnal-green to Police-constable Spelter, which proved to be correct.

Mr. William Patterson, clerk to the Merchant Banking Company, in Cannon street, deposed that the prisoner called there on the evening of Tuesday week with a hamper, for which he asked 4s. 10d. for carriage. It was addressed, "Johnson and Co., 112, Cannon-street. Game. By fast train, South-Western Railway." Johnson and Co. are the predecessors of the Merchant Banking Company, and their names are on the door. Believing the hamper contained something of value, he paid the 4s. 10d., and the prisoner left. The prisoner did not bring any book. A policeman, who happened to be passing the door as he took it in, and while the prisoner had gone to get change for 5s., suggested that witness should open it, but he hesitated as it was not addressed to him. Three bare feet were visible through the packing at the top, and on opening the hamper he found it filled with stones and straw. The prisoner had then gone.

William Rand, office-keeper to Messrs. Beadel, of Gresham-street, was the next witness. Saturday evening, he said, about half-past eight o'clock, the prisoner took a hamper there, and said there was 4s. 10d. to pay. Witness said that was an unusual charge. The prisoner replied that the hamper was very heavy, and so it was. It was addressed, "Frederick Beadel, Esq., 25, Gresham-street. By fast train. Game. Immediate." He handed the prisoner 5s. for the carriage, expecting of course to receive 2d. in change. The prisoner said he wanted a glass of beer and he would go to a public-house opposite and get change. He went away and never returned. Some pheasants' tails and hares' feet hung from the top of the hamper. On being opened it was found to contain two ponderous stones.

The prisoner, on being asked by the bench what he had to say, replied he was "Guilty."

Police-constable Spelter said he had reason to believe there were other charges against the prisoner, and suggested that he should be remanded.

The Lord Mayor replied there was sufficient evidence against him already. He should treat him as a rogue and vagabond, and sentence him to three months' hard labour.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

		ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
				A. M. P. M.	
29	S	Sun rises, 8h. 9m.; sets, 3h. 56m.	...	7 28	7 55
30	S	First Sunday after Christmas.	...	8 24	8 57
31	M	Window tax imposed for French war, 1695.	...	9 31	10 5
1	T	NEW YEAR'S DAY	...	10 41	11 14
2	W	Calcutta taken, 1757	...	11 46	—
3	T	Battle of Martinique, 1807	...	0 15	0 39
4	F	Sir Isaac Newton born, 1642.	...	1 1	1 22
		Moon's changes.—Last quarter, 28th, 7h. 23m. p.m.			
		Sunday Lessons.			
		MORNING.	AFTERNOON.		
		Isa. 37; Acts 27.	Isa 38; 3 John.		

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Feast, Fast Days, &c.—31st, Silvester, Bishop of Rome (A.D. 335); 1st Jan., Circumcision of our Lord.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from news-vendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the Office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a coloured wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

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* * Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

ESQUIER. The various remnants of antiquity, called the "Round Towers," exist nowhere but in Ireland, with (we believe) two exceptions in Scotland. These monuments are of extreme antiquity, a many learned dissertations have been written upon them; but their use or the precise purpose for which they were constructed has not yet and probably never will be, satisfactorily determined.

R. T. (Glasgow). The term *Reveille* is French, and is formed from the verb *reveiller*, to awake. In military language, the "Reveille" is the beat of the drum about break of day, to give notice that it is time for the soldiers to rise, and for the sentinels to forbear challenging.

P. C. (London). Mr. Beekstone has written many pantomimes, and a very good one they all have been.

F. C. The earliest historical record of the appointment of a Poet Laureate at the English court, appears in the reign of Edward IV. The distinction was conferred on John K. who, though he has left us none of his poetic compositions, has given to the world a translation of the "Song of Rhodan" from the Latin. This work he dedicated to the king, styling himself "humbly obedient servant."

R. K. (London). The titles of the Covent Garden pantomimes for 1867 and 1868 were "Gull and Vulture" and "Beauty and the Beast."

GEORGE O.—The great roads in the Highlands of Scotland, distinguished by the designation of "Military Roads," are so called from the circumstance of their having been originally made by the soldiers stationed in the Highlands during the rebellion of 1745. These roads afforded a communication from Stirling to Inverness, and from Inverness to Fort William.

VALENTI.—Ivan Sugg, the once-celebrated ventriloquist, died at Southampton, in October, 1861. He was then in his eighty-fifth year. S. P. G.—The Spanish Cortes is the assembly of the states of the kingdom. It is composed of nobility, clergy, and representatives of cities, and in some measure it corresponds with the Parliament of Great Britain.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1866.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

Peter IX is now in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and in the twenty-first of his pontificate. According to tradition, his career as a man and as a Pope ought not to stretch beyond the 1st of June, 1871, as that date would complete the twenty-five years' period which none of St. Peter's successors ever attained, and which, according to superstition, none can exceed. His Holiness's health is described as excellent, and the longevity common to the members of the Mastai-Ferretti family encourages hope that he may live up to the fulfils of the time allotted to one in his exalted station, even if he do not break the spell of that alleged limitation. We feel assured that his worst enemies would hardly grudge him the full benefit of his appointed span of years, nor do we indeed imagine that the great change now impending over the Papacy can be materially affected by any prolongation of the Pope's life. The Pope himself, it is well known, pointed with complacency to the quantity of water which would "flow down the stream of the Tiber" during the interval between the signing of the September Convention and the date of its fulfilment. But the date has passed, and the destinies of the Papacy will, in all probability, be accomplished long before the Pope's years have a chance of outnumbering those of the Apostle. We must not allow the few days of calm expectation which have already passed to deceive us as to the real position of affairs in the Papal States. Unless the Romans are willing to accept the Pope as a ruler of their own accord, they will not allow so paltry a force as he can muster to palm him upon them. Every line of every letter that comes from Rome speaks of the mutual animosity not only between the people and the foreign soldiery, but also between the latter and the so-called "indigenous troops." Nor is this feeling anything to be wondered at. The Romans are the last people in Europe outraged by the presence of a mercenary force. The native Papal troops have had to yield up the post of honour to men of alien blood. Deeply as such an indignity must be felt under all circumstances, it must be particularly galling in Rome from the nature of the recruits gathered under the Papal standard, and the reckless manner of their enlistment. There are, we are told, no less than fifteen different tongues and dialects spoken among the 2,500 men of the Zouave Corps. Some of the officers and soldiers are said to be men of rank and wealth; but in order that we may form a correct estimate of the character of those who march in the same ranks with them, we have only to consider the extreme facility with which the assassin Surratt succeeded in gaining admittance into the corps, and the no less amazing readiness with which another American, a detective policeman, worked his way into the ranks by the side of the man he "wanted." It is evident that any adventurer, no matter of what nation, language, or religion, is welcome as a champion of the Faith, and that no question is asked. Indeed, it is not quite sure that the enlistment is not carried on on the principle "the greater the sinner the greater the saint;" and probably the most reliance is placed in the zeal and fidelity of those volunteers whose position elsewhere is most desperate, and whose prospects, when stripped of the protecting uniform, would be no brighter than those of the American outlaw. Nothing, we feel convinced, can be more critical than the position of affairs at Rome, notwithstanding all reassuring appearances. So long as negotiations between the Pope and the agent of King Victor Emmanuel are pending, so long as the least hope of avoiding a supreme conflict remains, nothing will equal the discipline and resignation of the long-tried Romans; but only let Signor Tonello turn his back on the Vatican, only let it be understood that reconciliation and compromise are out of the question, and we shall be able to see how long it takes the Papal subjects to count the Papal soldiers.

"THE WILD MEN OF JESSO."—A correspondence has taken place between the Aborigines Protection Society and Mr. Walpole, the Home Secretary, in reference to an exhibition now travelling the provinces of so-called "wild men of Jesso." Representations of the brutalizing nature of this exhibition have been made to the society, and their interference has been repeatedly invited. They have done what they could in the matter, but hitherto without any practical result. It has been their chief object to ascertain, by verbal communication with unfortunate creatures themselves, whether they were detained against their will; but although they employed a highly intelligent Japanese gentleman, he was unable to understand them, or to make himself understood. It is, however, the society thinks, impossible to believe that these wild men—of whose Asiatic origin, at all events, there can be no doubt—would willingly permit themselves to be confined in a den like wild beasts, and voluntarily endure the wretchedness of perpetual imprisonment behind iron bars, if they had the alternative of personal freedom, or of restoration to their own country fairly presented to them. They suggest to the Home Secretary that it is legitimately within his province to put an end to an exhibition which is felt by all who have witnessed it to be a grave public scandal. In reply Mr. Walpole states that the matter has been inquired into; and that there appears to be good reason for supposing that the public are deceived as to these supposed savages, and that the Aborigines Protection Society, if it should make further researches, will probably find that there is not in reality any such restraint put upon these so-called "wild men" as they apprehend to be the case.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE OF SETTING FIRE TO A HOUSE.

ROBERT CAVE, a bootmaker, carrying on business in the High-street, Fulham, was brought before Mr. Ingham, at Hammersmith Police-court, for final examination on a charge of wilfully setting fire to his house for the purpose of defrauding the Scottish and Commercial Insurance Society.

Police-constable Wells, of the T division, stated that about twelve o'clock on the night of the 11th inst. he was on duty in the High-street of Fulham when the prisoner called him over to his shop, and complained of some persons having thrown fireworks into his passage. He produced two squibs, which he said he had trodden upon to put out the fire, but they did not appear to have been lighted. He also produced the remains of a cracker which he said had exploded in the passage. Witness thoroughly examined the place, and having satisfied himself that there was nothing on fire he went away. Shortly before one o'clock he heard the alarm of fire, and on going to the prisoner's shop he found smoke and flames issuing from it. He obtained some pails of water, and with assistance the fire was extinguished. He then told the prisoner that he still smelt fire, and he asked him to open the parlour door. He opened the door, and witness then found the room full of smoke. The prisoner opened a cupboard, and said, "It is here." Witness then saw inside a bundle of papers smoking and nearly in full flame. The prisoner said he could not account for the fire being in the cupboard unless a spark from the fireworks had blown under the door. The parlour floor was covered with a carpet, and there was no appearance of any fire in the room except inside the cupboard. He told the prisoner that the fire in the cupboard looked very suspicious, and that he must detain him until his inspector came. The witness added that there was a strong smell of paraffin oil in the place each time he went into the house.

Inspector Prescott gave an account of his examination of the shop after the fire. He found that the counter had been on fire in two places, and there were some books partly burnt. In an empty cupboard he found two shelves, and the floor smeared all over with paraffin oil. On one of the shelves he found a piece of burnt paper, and a piece of soft wood saturated with paraffin oil. He said if the cupboard had caught fire, the use must have been burnt down. He found on the floor outside the cupboard a bottle which contained a small quantity of paraffin oil. On telling the prisoner that there was a strong smell of paraffin, he said, "Oh, yes, it is what we burn." Witness was of opinion that the shelves and floor of the cupboard were smeared over with the oil purposely, for the appearances were not those of an accidental spilling. At the station the prisoner produced a paper which purported to be an inventory of his shop, and was dated the 3rd instant. It represented the stock to consist of 119 pairs of boots and shoes. The witness stated that he only found twenty-five pairs in the shop, and that his furniture was of a very trifling description. The prisoner was a married man, and slept at the top of the house. There was a trap door in the roof, to which access could be obtained by standing on a chair on the landing.

Joseph Simpson, who was brought up on a warrant on account of his having joined his ship the *Fire Queen*, which sailed on Friday, he having been engaged as the steward, said he was lodging in the house at the time of the fire, and had just time to save his sister's two children from being suffocated. He heard the noise of letting off fireworks, and on going down stairs he saw the prisoner in the passage. The front door was open and the prisoner was standing against the wall. He complained of the fireworks having been thrown in, and witness went out into the street, but he only saw a man, who had just left a public-house. There were two other men standing at a corner some distance off. The witness also stated that when he came down stairs on the first occasion the prisoner was not attempting to put out any fireworks.

Two men who stood at the corner of the street proved that the witness Simpson was the only person they saw in the street at the time they heard the noise of the fireworks. It also appeared that the prisoner effected a policy of insurance on the 16th October last for £200 on his stock in trade and furniture.

Mr. Ingham then committed the prisoner for trial. The witness Simpson having stated that he had been deprived of the means of living.

Mr. Ingham said he would make a special application to the Secretary of State to grant him a substantial compensation. He told him that he could not possibly do without his evidence, as a defence might be set up that he was the man who caused the fire.

SHOCKING AND MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.

An inquest has just been held at Sable, in East Lancashire, on the bodies of Margaret Nutter and her male infant child, whose deaths took place under very melancholy and mysterious circumstances. The evidence showed that Nutter was a widow, thirty-seven years of age, and lived with Elizabeth Howarth, her sister, wife of John Howarth. One night Mrs. Howarth and her husband went to bed about half-past nine. The deceased woman slept in a separate room, and had gone to bed before them without her supper. At midnight the deceased was heard to go down stairs, and was followed by Mrs. Howarth, who found her sitting in a chair. On the hearthstone there was a newly-born male child, and when asked whose it was she made no reply. A neighbouring woman and a "man midwife" named Maxwell were brought to the house, and deceased, who refused to say anything to anybody, and who would have nothing to either eat or drink, was put to bed, and died in an hour or two. Maxwell, who found the deceased in a dying state, suggested that a doctor should be sent for, but this was not attended to. The child found on the floor seemed to be in an exhausted state, and could not swallow, and it died in a few hours. When the child was first seen there was a number of wounds on its body; in fact, it appeared to be bruised from head to foot, and the marks seemed to be the result of burns. Maxwell, who examined the child, found some cinchers upon it, and in his opinion it had been put upon the fire.

A medical man who was examined thought that Mrs. Nutter had died from loss of blood; that brandy and warm bottles ought to have been ordered by Maxwell, who would also have procured a doctor; and that the measures taken were very insufficient.

The jury returned a verdict to the effect that Mrs. Nutter died from natural causes, and that the child had died from burns. Maxwell was censured for the part he took in the case.

EXCELSIOR PRIZE MEDAL FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERY MACHINES for every home, are the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work to a superior manner. Lists free. Bright and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars, London. Manufacture, Ipswich. (Advertisement.)

DISTRESSING SUICIDE OF A GIRL.

On Monday Dr. Lankester held an inquest, at the Elephant and Castle, Camden-town, on the body of Mary Ann Frier.

Charles Frier, father of the deceased, living at 2, William-street, Regent's-park, said: The deceased was my daughter. She was nineteen years of age. I saw her last on the 29th of November. She had been induced to leave her situation on the Monday previous. She said she went to live with the sister of a man named Saunders. She said Saunders kept her out till it was too late to go home, and then he took her home with him. My wife went to inquire about it the next day, and my daughter finding we were determined to inquire into it, ran away and drowned herself. Next morning we found this note in her workbox:—

"My dear Mother,—As you are determined that me and Harry shall not come together I will give him up, but it will be with my life. I cannot live, mother, without him. I have written to say good-bye to him, and now I will say the same to you.—Your Daughter."

I and my wife wished to break off the engagement after we knew that he took her from her situation.

Henry George Saunders, of 19, Castle-street East: I was acquainted with deceased. I had promised to marry her, and would have done it. I saw her last alive on the 27th of November. I had seen her on Monday. I left her between ten and eleven o'clock in the evening. She said she would go to my sister's, but she did not. I saw her on Tuesday and advised her to go with her mother, and she did. When I went home to dinner she was in my room. She said her father and mother had ordered her to give me up and she could not do it. I persuaded her to go home. I did not see her again, but I received these letters from her, which will show you whose fault this is. The following letter was read:—

"My darling Harry,—By the time you have received this I shall be no more. I need not tell you whose fault it is. They will not let me see you any more, so good-bye. We loved each other and wanted to marry, but her parents wanted someone better off than me."

Mr. Butt, house surgeon at St. Pancras workhouse, said deceased was brought to the workhouse on the previous Thursday morning. Her head was much injured, but the injuries were inflicted after death, probably by the steam-baths. There was evidence of an old seduction, but no evidence of recent connexion, and he did not think such had taken place shortly prior to death.

The jury returned a verdict of "Suicide whilst of unsound mind."

The witness Saunders asked for the protection of the court, as he said the father of deceased had already bitten him so severely in the head and on the arm and hand that he was obliged to wear bandages. He feared further violence as he left the court.

The police-constable present undertook the protection of witness.

An inquest was held on Monday evening, at the Globe Tavern, Church-street, Commercial-road, relative to the death from fire of Mary Ann Dray, aged forty years. The deceased, it appears, had been the widow of a pork butcher. On Thursday week witness was passing deceased's house in the above street when he heard her scream for help. He (witness) looked down into the kitchen from the street, when he saw her in one sheet of flame. After a little delay a police-constable broke open the street-door, and with other assistance succeeded in smothering the fire; but the poor creature was then dreadfully burnt all over the body; the hair was completely burnt off her head. Dr. Spencer was at once sent for, but she expired before his arrival from the effects of the burns. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death from burning."

FIRE AT A TRACTARIAN CONVENT.—The Church of England convent establishment at Brighton, known as St. Mary's Home, and which some time since obtained celebrity by its happening to be the place at which Constance Kent cleared up the mystery of the Road murder, had a narrow escape from destruction by fire on Saturday evening. About half-past six o'clock information was brought to the Town-hall that the Home was on fire. The chief constable (Mr. George White) and a body of police at once took the fire apparatus to Church-hill, where the Home is situated, and found that the laundry of the establishment was already nearly destroyed. The establishment is conducted in two parallel rows of houses, which were originally built for private residences, and the laundry was a semi-detached building at the back of and between the two rows. It appears that a piece of linen fell on an overheated stove, and, catching fire, communicated the flames to the other clothes in the room, and thus to the building. The Rev. A. D. Wagner, the "director" of the Home, was on the spot soon after the outbreak, and he it was who sent for the police fire brigade. This body found the fire had spread before their arrival to the basements of two houses in one of the rows, but they soon mastered it there, and confined it to the laundry. This building is a wreck, and its contents are well-nigh consumed. The loss is, however, covered by insurance.

ARRIVALS FROM MEXICO.—Several notabilities, accredited, or attached to the late Government of the Prince Maximilian, have arrived here by the steamer *Manhattan*, from Vera Cruz. Among them were the British minister, Mr. Scarlett, and his staff, on their way back to England. His leaving and closing the legation signifies the end of the "Empire." But there are other significant signs to the same effect by this arrival. A number of Austrians—some of whom were attached to the "Emperor's" household—also officers in the "Imperial" guard, others civil engineers—some arrived in the city by the same steamer, on their way back to Europe, and they bring the information that at Havana quarters have been ordered for the reception of the retiring "Emperor." With these departures it may surely be said that the "Empire" is at last gone to the things that are past and known only in the pages of recording history. Mr. Scarlett will, doubtless, give Sir Frederick Bruce the full particulars of what is going on in the Mexican capital before he sails for England; and later despatches to our own Government will put us in possession, before many hours elapse, of the progress which is being made towards terminating the invasion. Meanwhile we give considerable space in other columns to-day to the verbal reports of some of the retiring officials. (New York Times.)

FIFTY PLOWS, from the Month for Hire by East, Colliery, Broadway, &c. Several Cottages for Sale, at 10, Useful pianofortes, front instrument. Taken. Hammersmith, Harps, &c. Trade supplied.—At High Holborn side door. (Advertisement.)

THURSTON'S "BROWN'S" BANCALANT TONIC, which has proved so successful in America, for the cure of Congestive, Catarrhal, &c. Blood is a tonic, Catarrhal, &c. a y. irritant, or a source of the throat are now imported, a dollar a bottle, in a box. Some of the most eminent figures of the "Royal Italian Opera," London, pronounce them the best article for the throat ever offered to the public. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says, "I have often recommended them to friends who were public speakers, and I may say they have proved extremely serviceable." Sold by all chemists. (Advertisement.)

MURDER OR SUICIDE.

A DREADFUL incident was revealed at Postwick, Norfolk, on Sunday. It appears that Mr. Robinson, an upholsterer, of Postwick-street, Norwich, went down to the Great Eastern Railway Station with his wife, at a very early hour on Saturday, for the purpose of taking leave of one of their children. On quitting the railway-station Mr. Robinson seems to have hurriedly left his wife, and he was not seen any more by any of his relatives or friends during Saturday. About eleven o'clock on Sunday the dead body of a man was found in a field at Postwick, a village about four miles from Norwich. The corpse was lying in a little hollow, so that it was not readily seen, and when it was discovered it was quite cold and stiff. There were some dreadful wounds at the back of the head, which appeared to have been inflicted by a large flint stone which was found close by, and which was covered with blood. Various parts of the body were also smeared with blood, but the clothes of the deceased do not appear to have been torn, and 3s. 6d. was found in his pockets. It was at first supposed that a barbarous murder had been committed, and great excitement prevailed in consequence in the neighbourhood. The intelligence of the occurrence seems, indeed, to have been received at the parish church, the result being that at the conclusion of the morning service nearly the whole of the congregation proceeded to the spot where the body had been discovered. In the course of the day Mr. Atchill, deputy chief constable of the Norfolk county police, went down to the village, and made minute inquiries into the circumstances. While he was proceeding with the investigation it transpired that a communication had been made to the Norwich police with reference to the missing man, and a person came forward and identified the corpse as that of Mr. Robinson. A few articles found upon the deceased were also shown to Mrs. Robinson, who was much affected by them, at once identifying them as having belonged to her husband. A medical gentleman who was called in to examine the wounds of the deceased, expressed an opinion that they might have been self-inflicted, so that the general conclusion now adopted is that the poor man perished by his own hand. It is stated that he had for some time past been in a desponding state of mind, although there appears to have been no cause for his depression of spirits. Mrs. Robinson believes that when her husband left her on Saturday morning he had not his watch with him, and that he had only a few shillings in his pockets.

HIGHWAY ROBBERIES IN BIRMINGHAM.

GAROTTING seems to have given place to another device which is successfully practised by the "dangerous" class just now in Birmingham. The new method is to meet the person to be robbed, and throw a handkerchief or cloth over his face, and, being blinded by the drapery, and bewildered by the sudden assault, he is easily overpowered and robbed. The *et* *devant* garotters do not fear to hazard making an attack of this kind upon a lonely or tipsy wayfarer in our streets at any hour between four in the afternoon and six or seven in the morning at the present season. The latest victims have been Mr. Joseph Lakins, of No. 7, Coventry-road, who was assailed and relieved of his money by two men on Saturday evening, at about six o'clock, in Church-street, and Mr. Joseph Wheeler, who was robbed in the same way by two men at about twelve o'clock on Saturday night, in Hill-street. From the circumstances of the method of attack being the same in both instances, and two men being engaged in both, while the robberies were committed on the same evening, but one some hours later than the other, it would seem not improbable that the same two men may have been guilty in both cases. The attack on Mr. Lakins was a savage one. His face being securely muffled, he was knocked down and dragged up a passage, where his pockets were not merely searched, but they were cut out and carried off.

A robbery of a different, but not less daring, character was committed on Sunday evening in Dale-end. Mr. Samuel Rogers, of Smallbrook-street, when passing along Dale-end, was knocked down by a young fellow, about twenty-two years of age, who wore a "fashionable billycock hat," whatever description of "billycock" that may happen to be, and who, having dispossessed the prostrate Mr. Rogers of what little money he had, disappeared in that reputable resort of the wearers of fashionable billycocks, London Prentice-street.

MARRY AND LIVE LONG.—A WARNING TO BACHELORS.—The second ordinary meeting of the Royal Society was held in Edinburgh, Lord Neaves presiding, when Dr. Stark read a paper on "The Influence of Marriage on the Death-Rate of Men and Women in Scotland." He based his calculations on the statistics issued by the Registrar-General, and brought out results which in a great measure, he believed, were now presented for the first time. He found that between twenty and twenty-five years of age the death-rate of bachelors was exactly double that of married men. As the age increased the difference in the death-rate as against the bachelors decreased, but at every stage of life the advantage was in favour of married men. From twenty years of age to the close of life the mean age attained by married men was fifty-nine and a half years, while that of bachelors was only forty years. In other words, married men had the chance of living nineteen and a half years longer than those who were unmarried. In the case of women, also, the results were in favour of the married, as compared with the unmarried, though the difference was not so marked as in the case of men. Married women died at a higher proportion during the three quinquennial periods—from fifteen to twenty, from twenty to twenty-five, and twenty-five to thirty—but at a lower rate from thirty to forty. The death-rate in the case of married women was higher again between forty and forty-five years of age, but the rate was in their favour again from the latter period to old age.

On Monday, two men, named respectively Thomas Coup and Thomas Williams, who were respectfully dressed and had the reputation of being perfectly artistic "smashers," were charged before the stipendiary magistrate at Liverpool with having a large quantity of counterfeit coin in their possession. They are London men. Coup was apprehended as a suspicious person in Edlington, at three o'clock on Monday morning, and the officer who took him, after receiving two contradictory statements about the man's place of residence, went to a house in Mill-lane, where he found, in a room occupied by the prisoner, base coin, in half-crowns, florins, shillings, and sixpences. Coup having said he had been to a christening in Hunter-street, the officer took him there to a house, where he found Williams in bed. In the bed, concealed, the constable discovered a bag containing £10 nominally of base coin. They were both locked up and the coin secured. Skuce, the officer, having given evidence to this effect, the two men were remanded.



CHRISTMAS AMONG
THE LOWER ORDERS



CHRISTMAS
in the Servants' Hall

Theatricals, Music, etc.

DRURY LANE.—As time will not admit of our giving a criticism this week of the splendour and fun of the various pantomimes, we give a summary of the plots of as many as we can, reserving until our next further details. We gave in our last the plot of *Covent Garden*, and we now commence with *Drury Lane*. The pantomime is called "Number Nip; or, Harlequin and the Gnome King of the Giant Mountain," by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, and never has the pencil of Mr. William Beverley been employed to illustrate a more suggestive subject. The embodiment of Number Nip by Master Percy Roselle, and of Pipilee, the Rhenish Fairy, by Miss Lydia Thompson, are all that could be desired, whilst the ever-welcome Tom Matthews plays the congenial character of Hans, the Silesian Farmer. The dramatic company is, in other respects, well represented for we have Mr. E. Clifton as Gnammer Gruthel, the farmer's wife; Mrs. H. Vandenhoff as Romance; Miss Estelle Bodenham as her saucy foe, Barlesque; Miss Hudspeth as Nymphalia, Queen of the Neckers, or Water-Fairies; Miss Seymour as the Princess of Silesia; and Mr. Charles Seyton as her grotesque suitor, Prince Ratihon. Then, in the routine of this German Prince is Mr. Fitzjames as the pompous Count Hoeschenutz, and Mr. J. Robins as the obese equester, Herr Krakwipz. The author has sounded the key-note of the story, as usual, in a preliminary, allegorical induction, in which some good-tempered banter between Romance and Barlesque affords a running commentary on the popular taste and popular topics of the time. The Ballet Scene is a charming, fanciful painting, by Mr. William Beverley, of the Willow Island of the Drachenfels on the Rhine by Moonlight, and here we learn that if Number Nip, who takes a new form every winter, can be made to fall in love, and be lured into matrimony, he will be thenceforth unable to change, which may be accepted as a poetical symbol of constancy. From this point the story is developed. The ballet, which, with the rest of the Elfin movements, is arranged by Mr. John Cormack, introduces, as *premiere danseuse*, Mdlle. Ferns Stassey, of the Royal Opera, Dresden. When Number Nip, transformed into a plough-boy, takes service with the farmer, who cultivates the valley of the Giant Mountain, some diverting pranks are played with the crops and the peasantry, and the Palace of the Gnome King in the earth's centre, to which he bears off the Silesian Princess, is of dazzling splendour. The scene of the Cobbler's Dwelling, in which nearly two hundred children are actively employed, is a wonderfully busy scene. The climax is reached by the Giant Mountain itself breaking up into a brilliant temple, in which the nuptials of Number Nip are solemnized, and is one of Mr. William Beverley's greatest triumphs in the presentation of a gorgeous Transformation Scene. The Harlequinade, which is full of whimsical illustrations of modern progress, comprises the usual double pantomimical company of undoubted excellence. Messrs. Harry B. Leno and C. Lauri are Clowns, Messrs. W. A. Barnes and J. Morris Pantalons, Messrs. Cormack and S. Saville Harlequins, and Madame Boleno and Mdlle. Adele Marion are the Columbines. That ingenious artist, Dykwykyn, has employed his admirable talents on the masks and allegorical devices, and Mr. James Tully has composed the music.

STRAND.—The Christmas novelty here is the burlesque of "Guy Fawkes," founded on the well-known historical subject. The piece commences with a meeting of Guy (Mr. David James) and his fellow-conspirators at the house of Percy (Miss Weatherly), where they all enter into a compact to blow up the Houses of Parliament; but Fresham (Mr. Thomas Thorne) has some compunction, and not being endowed with much determination, the secret proves almost too great for him, and on returning home in an excited state from the meeting, his conversation and manner rouse the suspicions of his wife, Ellior (Mr. F. Robson), who resolves to watch his movements. During the interview he accidentally perceives Lord Mounteagle (Miss Ada Swanborough) pass the window, from the sill of which Fresham throws a flower-pot, which has the effect of bringing Mounteagle on the scene. Fresham and his wife retire, leaving a mysterious letter on the floor, which is picked up by Mounteagle, who is puzzled by its contents, and hastens to lay it before King James (Mr. H. J. Turner). Mounteagle arrives at the palace as the King is getting up, who reads the letter, and asks the opinions of his courtiers respecting it; but neither he nor they can make out more than that a sudden and secret danger threatens the State. We are soon introduced to the vaults beneath the Houses of Parliament on the night of the intended execution of the grand scheme. Here Guy is surprised by the arrival of Topcliff (Miss Eliza Johnstone) and Mounteagle and Guards. Several of the other conspirators are also arrested on Traitor's-hill. They are all conveyed before his Majesty, and the conspirators meet the fate they have well deserved. This is the mere sketch of a plot which abounds with songs, dances, farcical situations, &c., for which this home of burlesque is so celebrated. The scenery, by Mr. Fenton, is of the most characteristic and splendid description, and the music, composed and arranged by Mr. Frank Musgrave, is lively and sparkling.

SADLER'S WELLS.—At this well-known home of pantomime we have "The Golden Cask; the Princess! the Page! the Pageant; or, Harlequin and Queen Grumble," founded on one of the Countess D'Aulnoy's celebrated fairy tales, and written for this theatre by Mr. Arthur J. O'Neill; the music arranged by Mr. T. Berry; the scenery by Mr. W. Gowrie, Mr. W. Broadfoot, Mr. Chapman, and Mr. H. Norman; the electric lime light by Chevalier Mordey; the ballet, incidental dance music, and groupings are arranged by Mr. Arthur Roby; and the pantomime is produced under the immediate superintendence of Miss Marriott. Abadun (Mr. E. Norman), Head Centre of the Demons, has a long standing feud with Gloriana (Miss E. Nason), the Fairy Queen of the period, which, at the commencement of the piece, he determines shall be decided one way or the other. The Queen has planned that her nephew, Prince Percinet (Miss Louise Pereira) shall be married to the Princess Graciosa (Miss Leigh), the most eligible match of the day, the daughter of King Miserable (Mr. J. Collier). Abadun determines to thwart her wishes. Through his instrumentality the King, who is a widower, is compelled by a storm of rain to seek shelter in the house of the Duchess Grumble (Mr. John Bouse), an old maid, who considers herself a great beauty. The King views with indifference the fascinations of the fair duchess, but, as he is very avaricious, he cannot withstand the charms of the golden cask, and, to obtain it, at this determination of her papa, the more so as the Duchess is not possessed of the sweetest temper in the world, but the presence of her lover, Prince Percinet, who attends her as her page, somewhat consoles her. The marriage of Queen Grumble is the occasion of a grand pageant; unfortunately the Queen is struck with the good looks of Prince Percinet, and, as he slights her, avenges herself on Graciosa. She delivers the Princess over to her agents, Dandelion (Miss Fanny Leicester), and James (Mr.

Edwin), in order that she may be murdered in the forest. But the villains, not insensible to the charms of lovely woman in distress, spare her, and she is rescued by Prince Percinet. Abadun, however, interferes, and matters appear to be taking a bad turn for the lovers, when, just in the nick of time, Gloriana appears. Abadun obligingly declares himself conquered—everything is set square, and a grand transformation scene introduces the audience to the harlequinade, with Boleno Marsh, as Clown; Mr. Arthur Roby, as Harlequin; Mr. W. Lacey, as Pantaloon; Miss Emily Emery, as Harlequina; Miss Laura Morgan, as Columbine; with Signior, as Sprite.

ASPLEY'S.—"Hush-a-by Baby on the Tree-top; or, Harlequin Fortunio, Prince Heydiddle, Princess Olivebranch, King Frog of Frog Island, and the Magic Toys of Lowther Arcadia," is the elaborate title of the pantomime here, which has been written by Mr. Charles Millward. The Temple of Fairy Faction, in the Realm of Nursery Lore, opens the story, and we are then taken to Ladybird's Bower and Fairy Valley, where the ballet takes place. The Castle Ramparts and the Castle Keep show King Kafozuleum (Mr. W. H. Stephens) and Queen Cinderella (Mrs. Caulfield) in the company of Lord Faldral (Mr. Wrench) and Heydiddle, the heir-apparent (Mr. E. Atkins), who is determined to thwart the happiness and hopes of his younger brother, Fortunio (Miss Caroline Parkes). Hop-o-my-Thumb, king of the Frog-ladders (Mr. Milano), is then seen in his Frog Island, and after passing through the Territory of Toys and before the Palace of King Woodenhead, in the Land of Lowther Arcadia, where all the toys are personified, the change is made in the Grove of Golden Palms, where Mr. Rowella tumbles forth as Clown, Mr. Beckingham appears as Pantaloon, Mr. Honeywood as Harlequin, Miss Esther Austin as Harlequina, and Misses B. Simmons and Grosvenor as Columbines. The opening, besides, includes the services of Miss Polly Marshall, Miss Fanny Gwynne, Miss Nelly Nibbett, Miss Fanny Howard, Miss Lizzie Kelsey, and Miss Elly Barn, making a most efficient cast. Mr. Julian Hicks has painted the scenery, Mr. Milano arranged the dances, Mr. Adams has furnished the masks, and Mr. John Burnard has composed and arranged the music.

SURREY.—As usual, no expense has been shared by Messrs. Shepherd and Chickick in the production of the pantomime here. It is entitled "A Apple Pie; or, Harlequin Jack in the Box and the Little Boy Blue." The burlesque opening has been written by Mr. J. B. Johnstone, the scenery is by Mr. J. Gates, Mr. Mason, and assistants, the music by Mr. A. Schmuck, and the dances by Mr. Oscar Byrne, whilst the whole is produced under Mr. Shepherd's direction. The School of Dame Nursery opens the plot, introducing Miss Goodall as Little Boy Blue, Mr. Joseph Irving as Jack in the Box, Miss Emma Kerridge as the Princess Battledore, who is the daughter of King Kite (Mr. Maclean), and Miss Reynolds as the Fairy Queen, whose magical powers are shown in the Sylvan Stream in the Magic Glen of Glistening Willows, where Oscar Byrne's novel Dance of Fountains takes place. King Kite's Castle is followed by a View of the Palace of Toys, in the Kingdom of Games, where Cards, Skittles, and Dice are personified; and then the Chamber of Jack in the Box, revealing that individual at the mercy of the ingenious Boy Blue, we are speedily dazzled by Mr. Gates's double Transformation Scene, the Golden Vines and Refulgent Temples of Golconda, where the pantomimic characters appear. Mr. Harry Croustie is Clown; Mr. Gillini, Pantaloon; Mr. White, Harlequin; Miss Reynolds, Columbine; Miss Collins, Harlequina; and Mr. Stretton, a Demon Detective. The comic scenes include an anticipative sketch of the Paris Exhibition of 1867, and a Café Anglais and a Café Francais.

MARYLEBONE.—The pantomime here is by Mr. Robert Soutar, and is entitled "Ding Dong, Bell, Pussy's in the Well; or, Harlequin Who Killed Cock Robin? Johnny Green and Johnny Stout are rivals in the affections of the Princess Lovelle, daughter of King Jollydayne and Queen Housewite, the rulers of the Land of Happyguckie. Stout, enraged to find that his foe is the favoured suitor, sends an ambassador to the Witch of Stonehenge, demanding her interference and help. She immediately summons Grimalkin, the Demon Cat, and, telling him to take the magic fiddle, bids him lure from the palace Cock Robin, who is the Princess's fairy protector. Here we have illustrated the story of "Who Killed Cock Robin?" Armed with this assistance, Stout betakes himself to the palace of King Jollydayne. The King is counting his enormous wealth, and the Queen is eating bread and honey, and all is ease and happiness; no sooner, however, is Johnny Green chosen by the Princess as her future lord than Stout arrives at the palace, at the head of an armed band, and vows vengeance. Guided by Little Boy Blue, Johnny Green pays a visit to the house of Ba Ba Black Sheep, and obtains from him the magic cap made of magic wool. With this gift he repairs to the Court of the Fairy Queen, who advises him how to act, bids him instantly return to the Princess, and, above all, to bear manfully whatever trials may come upon him. He arrives at the City of Happyguckie to find that Stout has declared war against Jollydayne, and succeeded in carrying off the Princess. In his despair he encounters Grimalkin, who has just caused the death of Cock Robin. Green seizes the Cat and throws him into a ruined well, after which he starts in search of the Princess. Grimalkin is extricated by Johnny Stout, who, in his rage, suddenly changes Summer to Winter, producing a very pictorial effect. Jollydayne has fallen from his prosperous state, his subjects rebel, war is disastrous to him, and his daughter lost. His trials, however, though severe, are not of long duration. Green discovers Lovelle in Stout's castle. The parties are re-united, the good made happy, and the guilty punished by the Fairy, who introduces them to the Grand Mythological Transformation Scene, which consists of six tableaux. First, the Prismatic Abode of the Goddess, which is illuminated by the Hues of the Rainbow; second, the Bower of Pomona; changing to third, the Garden of Hesperus, with the Golden Fruit; fifth, the Flight of the Ariel Synopsis; sixth, the Flight of Dan, in Torments of Molten Gold. This grand triumph of science and art is the production of Mr. William Beaumont, the artist of the theatre, who has also designed and executed with numerous assistants, the whole of the scenery. Mr. J. Arnold Cave sustains a principal part in the opening, as usual. The harlequinade introduces a double company of pantomimists, Messrs. Whit and Elen Clarke, Eugenie, Virginia, and Marie Duverney.

CITY OF LONDON.—Here, as has been the case for years past, we have Mr. Nelson Lee's own pantomime of "Ding Dong, Bell, Pussy's in the Well; or, Harlequin and the Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe." The Winter Palace of King Grief, on the borders of Wenhams Lake, discovers that monarch, attended by his Prime Minister, Heartyshoke, and his crying attendants. King Grief is in a state of agitation on account of the march of Amusement through the nation. Amusement appears in her car, attended by Mirth and Launce. King Grief threatens the fairy, but she sends him to the shades below, and introduces us to the Halls of Nursery Rhyme in the Land of Games and Manufactory of Pantomime, leased to Rhyme and Reason. Here the subject of the

pantomime is chosen, and a fairy ballet of forty ladies terminates the scene. Home of Mother Red Cap, the old woman who lives in a shoe, shows us the old lady who has so many children she don't know what to do, discovered by a pedlar (Miss Mary Saunders), who resolves to be revenged upon her for turning him from her door on a former occasion. Jack Horner (Miss Constance) discloses his passion for Mary Ester (Madame Josephine), who sits upon a tester eating curds and whey. The Village of Hopscotch is a perfect representation of an old English village and rustic country view (painted by Mr. Richard Douglass). Here we learn that Mary Ester is also beloved by little Jacky Horner, and consequently Green resolves to burn her barn, but is prevented by bad lucifer matches. Old Tom, Mary's cat, appears with a mouse in his mouth. Old Mother Red Cap arrives to find her pussy; Jack Horner sits in a corner, put in his thumb, pulls out a plum from the Magic Pie; by doing so he brings the fairy to his side; she tells him to preserve the plum, because there's magic in it. Jacky Green seeing the cat, thinks it will be a good piece of revenge. He entices the animal near the well, and pushes it in. Johnny Stout rushes in, and alarms the neighbourhood by ringing the bell-ding, dong. They rescue the cat. Mary Ester comes on to purchase some radishes for tea, when Jacky Green and the ruffians seize and bear her off. Jack Horner and Johnny Stout, are in despair. Jack Horner thinks of his Magic Plum, and immediately, by fairy power, their costumes change, and they hasten on the track of the naughty boy, Jacky Green. A Chalky View, on the road to the Black Castle, shows the hapless maid and her persecutors followed closely by Jack Horner and Johnny Stout, who hasten to rescue Mary from the foe. The interior of the Black Castle is prepared for Mary's wedding—everybody is transported "up in the air"—and we come at last to the grand transformation scene, upon which a lavish display has been this year bestowed. It is called Ding Dong Glade; it comprises fifteen distinct changes. The whole of the scenery is by Mr. Richard Douglass, Mr. J. Neville, and assistants. The pantomimic group are: Harlequin, Mr. Coreno; Columbine, Miss Wieland; Clowns, Monti and Delevanti; Sprite, H. Wardini; Pantaloon, Louis Ellis; Policeman X, Mr. Doyne.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Mr. H. J. Byron's burlesque at this theatre is "Pandora's Box; or, the Young Spunk and the Old Flame." Prometheus (Miss Henrietta Hudson), the sculptor, having insulted the gods, is suddenly put in the dark by Jupiter (Mr. F. Younge), who, in order to mark the sense of his indignation, takes away all light from the earth, thereby preventing Prometheus finishing his work for the Academy. Venus (Miss M. Island), Minerva (Miss Lydia Foote), and Juno (Mr. J. Clarke), all entreating an affection for the handsome young sculptor, endeavour to aid him in his great emergency, and, by Minerva's assistance, he climbs to the celestial coach-house, and, stealing some of the magic fire from the wheel of Phobas's chariot, he is again enabled to light up the world. Upon finding himself foiled, Jupiter manufactures, with the assistance of Vulcan (Mr. Tindale), Pandora, whom the gods and goddesses endow with the gifts of beauty, speech, song, &c., and sends her as a gift to Prometheus, together with a box containing all human ills. Prometheus, warned by Phobas (Mr. Trafford) hands over the unwholesome present to his silly brother, Ephimetheus (Mr. Montgomery). On being opened, in the presence of the wrathful celestials, it crowds the universe with the various misfortunes which have since been its portion. Hope, however, is at the bottom of the box, and the piece finishes with an appropriate application of the old motto, that "whilst there is life there is hope," and "there is no cloud without a silver lining." The above is the merest outline of the extravaganza, which is crowded with fun, pun, dance, and parody. The dresses are by Mr. May and Mrs. Hinton, and the splendid scenery by Mr. Charles S. James.

VICTORIA.—The title of this pantomime is "Harlequin Cock Robin; or, the Children in the Wood," and commences with the home of Cock Robin in the Woody Wood of Woodford, where the Demon Sparrow is vowing vengeance against his rival, Robin Redbreast. One of his followers, at his command, flies and kills poor Rob, the eggs of whom are hatched, and the culprits are taken into custody by the Chick-a-Biddy Police. Pomona, the Goddess of Fruit, appears, and changes the scene to the gorgeous garden of gay, golden fruit. The nursery story is here introduced. The Castle of the Baron of Bloomsbury presents the Babes in the Wood by a skipping-rope introduction. Josephine, the maid (Miss Turner), after playing Meg's diversions, gallops off with the children. Miss Daly, as Walter True Blue, appears, and gives the signal, which is answered from the ship, and followed by the arrival of the Wicked Uncle (Mr. Yarnell) and his crew. We are now transported to the Interior of Bloomsbury Castle. Here Walter tells Josephine of his love in a duet about the Leaway Line. It is now time for school, and the Tutor arrives with his pupils. Pomona makes a new year's gift, and Josephine describes its contents. Pa and Ma come to a determination. The Uncle has a call from the Demon Sparrow. The poisoned cup is introduced, and the Wicked Uncle leaves ahead. The two ruffians are introduced, and the compact is made. Pomona and Pippin have a private *seance*. The children prepare for a ride, and a specimen of servantalism takes place. The ruffians steal the babes; a general alarm ensues. The wood is introduced, with Pomona feeding her pets. The Baron appears in search of his lost children, his better-half following in pursuit. The ruffians appear with the children, and the legend is verified by the death of the naughty one, and the story is further illustrated by the death of the babes, and the leafy monument raised by the robins. Walter arrives in search, and villainy meets with its reward in the grand Transformation of the gorgeous gay Golden Fruit in the Garden of Hesperides. The pantomimists are—Harry Sautford, Clown; Mr. E. Marchant, Pantaloon; Mr. Callaghan Welch, Harlequin; Miss Beckett, Columbine; and Sprites, by the celebrated Marcel Family.

LEFFINGHAM.—The grand Christmas burlesque pantomime at this popular East-end place of amusement is from the pen of Mr. Edward Towers, and bears the somewhat singular title of "Harlequin Fun; or, the Judgment of Fancy, and the Nursery Rhymes of Olden Times." The plot is as follows:—A great spirit of air, holding his court in the clouds, has an only daughter, Minerva, whom he sends down to earth in care of Mercury, to see all the sights in the world. This adds to her accomplishments. When there she falls in love with Fun, a London publication, because of his wit. This weekly journal she by magic power transforms into a man, and they are married. Her father, hearing this, summons them both before him, and banishes his daughter, depriving her of all magic power, and relining her to the shifts of common mortals. Tee-to-tum, a gnome, has long loved her, and thinks this a capital opportunity to secure her to himself; but Fancy and Gentleness, who are friends to truth, innocence, and beauty, discover the plot, and resolve to thwart it. With Minerva are sent two virgins of air to watch her actions, tease, and torment her. They both fall in love with Fun, and to get him, league themselves with Tee-to-tum and Beelzebub; hence it becomes a trial

of strength—good against evil. The Fairy Queen has given the lovers a magic rose, which for twelve hours will protect them from all foes. They start on their travels, pursued by their enemies: Tee-to-tum steals the rose, and they are trapped. When all seems fair for the evil cause, Minerva's father, who has repented banishing his daughter, appears; and, throwing his influence on the side of truth, cracks the bad uns, unites the fond pair, and transports everybody to his best drawing-room, generally known as the transformation scene. The principal characters are sustained by Messrs. Morris Abrahams, George Lewis, (Crown Harmer, Fredericks, &c.), Miss Liz Watson (the celebrated serio-comic, from the Alhambra Palace), Infant Josephine (also from the Alhambra), Mesdames Pettifer, Laurie, George, and Fredericks. The great Hildebrandt is engaged as Clown, and the inimitable Hector and Faust as Sprites. The piece is produced under the entire direction of Mr. Isaac Cohen.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—A private dress rehearsal of the performances by which Messrs. Sanger hope to attract the holiday folks to their hippodrome and circus, took place on Saturday evening last. The hall is beautifully fitted up, is better lighted than last year, and to all appearance will hold more people; but, of the performances, no just criterion can be given, as it was very evident it was merely a rehearsal, and what is more, a first one, too; and how the immense concourse in the "Congress of All Nations" could be got into even the order it was, is something of a marvel. Several well-trained horses were introduced, and some good riding exhibited; but we cannot enter into detail until the performers are really put before the public on their merits.

THE PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS are so varied and numerous, that having already devoted a page to a portion only of the pantomimes, we must leave notices of Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED the CHRISTIES, and many others till our next.

NETHER TABLEY, CHESHIRE.

This fine old country mansion, the seat of Lord de Tabley, is situated near Knutsford, in Cheshire. It is one of the most perfect specimens extant of the Elizabethan style of architecture.

Nether Tabley is sometimes called in old deeds Little Tabley. At the time of the Domesday survey Tabley was held by one Giselme, under the earl; but Ostebrand was the possessor previous to the Conquest. In the reign of Henry II, Adam de Dutton was the proprietor, holding it of the prior of St. John of Jerusalem in England, by the rent of 6*l.*, payable at the feast of St. Michael. Adam was the younger son of Hugh Dutton of Hatton, and ancestor of the Warburtons of Arley. Towards the conclusion of the reign of Edward III, Geoffrey Dutton, grandson of Adam, gave the township to his daughter Margaret and her heirs. She married, first, Robert de Denbigh, who died without issue; and about 1276 married Nicholas de Leicester, whose descendants are the possessors at the present day.

The old hall of Tabley stands on an island situated in a noble lake, a neat bridge connecting it with the grounds. Its shape was originally quadrangular, but the east side only remains, and the front is covered by luxuriant ivy. In the hall is a fine bay window, ornamented with the Leicester pedigree in stained glass. There is a domestic chapel on the south-east side; it is built of brick, with large bay windows; at the west end is a small bellry.

Tabley House, the present seat of the family, is situated about a quarter of a mile from the old hall, and was completed about 1769.

SHOCKING TREATMENT OF A LUNATIC.

ONE of the most shocking cases of restraint and confinement of a lunatic in a private house, through ignorant and mistaken kindness, has just been brought to the notice of the authorities by Dr. Arthur Mitchell, deputy-inspector of lunacy for Scotland. About fourteen years ago a young woman, named Janet Campbell, a native of the village of Beay, Caithness-shire, and then about twenty years of age, was a domestic servant in Edinburgh. Cholera was raging there at the time; and, whether from predisposing causes or the excitement occasioned by an overwhelming dread of the terrible disease, the poor girl became seriously injured in health and a prey to morbid melancholy. At last she disappeared from her place, and somehow made her way home to Caithness. On her return to her friends it was evident that her intellect was deranged, and she soon became so violent that it was found necessary to confine her in a strait jacket. During her fits of violence she would break the windows and the furniture, and the strait jacket she had torn to rags, so that it afforded no adequate means of restraint. She scarcely slept, and was incessantly in a state of nervous activity, keeping the household in perpetual fear and alarm. Her clothes were torn to pieces, and at last, after she had been about two years in this condition, she was shut up in a small room destitute of furniture, miserably lighted and worse ventilated, and in that room she has now been imprisoned for about a dozen years. Her mother and sister, with whom she lives, are poor people, occupying a small plot of land, and keeping one cow, and have barely the means of eking out a scanty subsistence for themselves and her. From ignorance, and a feeling of mistaken kindness, they have hitherto resisted all attempts at interference in behalf of this poor creature whom they have thus immured; and, several years ago, when the parochial authorities offered to place her in an asylum for proper care and treatment, they positively refused to consent. So great is their reluctance to entertain the idea of her removal, that they have not only kept her entirely out of sight, but the very existence of the wretched prisoner has almost faded out of mind, and many of their neighbours in the village were entirely ignorant of the fact of her being confined there at all. When visited recently she was found crouching naked on the bottom of a box-bed in the room in which she has spent her miserable captivity of a dozen years, seven or eight of these in almost absolute nudity. About eight years ago the windows of the room in which she is confined were built up with stone and lime, and since that time the only light that the wretched creature has seen has been admitted by a small sliding panel in the roof, only occasionally opened, as it can be reached with difficulty. The room contained no furniture except the old box-bed, on which she squatted more like a caged wild beast than a human creature. Her guardians admit that she has been stark naked for about eight years. Her hair is matted on the scalp, and has not been combed for many years. It is impossible to describe the appearance it presents. When the tattered and filthy blanket that was on the bed was removed the mass of filthiness beneath can only be described as a dung-heap. On this she crouched night and day, except when she crept to the fire for a little warmth. Crawling is the only term to describe her manner of locomotion, as from long confinement and disuse the muscles of the legs have become incapable of exercise, and the legs are bent together and permanently stiffened.—*John O'Grady Journal.*

Kato and Police.

POLICE COURTS. WESTMINSTER.

CONCEALMENT OF A BURGLAR IN A CHIMNEY.—David Williams, a young man, whose flesh and clothing were begrimed with soot, was charged with burglary at the house of Mr. Frederick Calhoun Worsley, 35, St. George's-road, Pimlico. At half-past twelve on Saturday night Mr. Davis, of 26, St. George's-road, informed Police-constable Compton, 131 B, that there was somebody on the top of his house. The officer got upon Mr. Davis's roof, accompanied by 350 B, and then discovered footmarks from the window of an empty house, No. 20, the trap-door of which was open, to Mr. Worsley's, where the attic window was open, and where some one had evidently dropped a distance of many feet on to the top landing. A servant sleeping in one of the attics, who had been awake by the noise, admitted the police through her window, and a diligent search was made for the burglar for some time with effect, but at length his feet were discovered a few inches above the kitchen grate, and he was pulled down the chimney, where he had concealed himself. Some lucifer matches, a candle, and a clasp-knife were found upon the prisoner, and a large bundle of linen had been removed.

IMPRISONMENT OF INNOCENT PRISONERS.—On Monday, three young women of creditable appearance, one of whom had an infant in her arms, were placed before Mr. Selfe, in the name of Casey, O'Hara, and Ballard. Sergeant Purchase, of the B division, stepped forward and said: These persons have been charged wrongly, and are innocent. Mr. Selfe: Where is the prosecutor? Sergeant Purchase: He has not come here. These women were charged with felony and locked up on Saturday night, but the property alleged to have been stolen was never lost. Mr. Selfe: Then there was no felony committed. Sergeant Purchase: I assure the prosecutor, charged these women with stealing a silver watch from his person, and they were taken into custody and detained; but yesterday afternoon I received a message from the prosecutor, informing me that he had found his missing watch in a drawer, in his own room; in fact, that he had not had it out with him on Saturday. When I heard this, and saw the watch, I immediately set the women free on their own recognisances to appear here to-day. The accused were discharged.

CLERKENWELL.

ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE.—Patsy O'Hara, aged 19, described as a silver polisher, residing at White Hart-court, Liqueurpond-street, was charged with assaulting Mr. John Sheppard, whipmaker, of 54, Gray's-inn-road, and stealing from his person, at Baldwin's-gardens, St. Andrew's, one silver watch, one gold Albert chain, a spade guinea, a gold watch key, and a gold swivel ring, of the value of £14, on the 26th inst. Mr. Bicketts, solicitor, appeared for the prosecution, and, having stated the facts, said he should ask that the case might be sent for trial, as a short time since two men were sentenced to penal servitude and to be lashed for a similar robbery near the same spot. The prosecutor stated that on the previous Thursday he had been drinking and fell in with the prisoner at the Bull public-house in the Gray's-inn-road, and treated him to something to drink. After that he went with the prisoner to the Marquis of Granby public-house. There he called for some refreshment. The landlord advised him not to take any more, on which he said he did not want it for himself but for the gentleman who was with him, meaning the prisoner. A short time afterwards the prisoner got him to go away from that public-house down Baldwin's-gardens. When there the prisoner struck him on the ear, knocked him down, kicked him on the knee, and struck him on the forehead. While he was on the ground the prisoner knelt on his chest and seized him by the throat until he was black in the face. The prisoner seized his gold Albert chain and the other articles mentioned in the charge, and in endeavouring to protect his gold chain his hand was very much injured. He had a struggle with the prisoner, and then he got up and the prisoner ran off. The watch produced was that stolen. He saw nothing more of the prisoner until last evening, when he saw him in a public-house in the Gray's-inn-road, and then he recognised him. He was still lame from the effects of the kick, and his forehead and ear gave him great pain. Mr. George Sutcliffe said he is a licensed victualler, and keeps the Marquis of Granby public-house, Gray's-inn-road. On Thursday evening the prosecutor entered his house along with the prisoner and called for something to drink, and he told him that he did not want any more, and then he said he wanted it for the prisoner. He served the prisoner with a small quantity of gin, and, not liking the appearance of the prisoner, he went and told the prosecutor's wife to fetch her husband home. As he came back he saw the prosecutor and the prisoner leaving his house, and the prisoner appeared to be dragging him towards Baldwin's-gardens. He had not the least hesitation in saying that the prisoner was the man who came in with the prosecutor. A girl residing at 34, Baldwin's-gardens, said that on Thursday evening, between five and six o'clock, she came out of her house and saw the prosecutor and a man whom she did not know struggling together. She went back to her room, and came out again in about twenty minutes and saw a number of persons assembled, and in the gutter she found a silver watch, which she picked up and took to the prosecutor's wife. She could not say that the prisoner was the man who was struggling with the prosecutor. The prisoner said he was innocent of the charge, and called two witnesses to prove that he was at work at the time, and was not out from his work from two o'clock in the afternoon until ten o'clock at night. Mr. Barker said this was a very serious case, and he should remand the prisoner for further investigation, but would take bail for the prisoner's attendance. Responsible sureties having been put in, the prisoner left the court.

SYSTEMATIC ROBBERIES BY A SERVANT.—Edwin Baker, a shopman, was charged before Mr. Cooke, with systematically robbing his employer, Mr. B. Smith, 65, Brill-row, Somers-town. The prisoner had been a porter in the employ of prosecutor for the past seven years, going behind the counter to sweep and to fill up tea bins. On Saturday last, between seven and eight in the evening, the prosecutor ordered him to mix up some green tea to fill a canister, and put the remainder in a small box. After he had filled the canister he put the tea that was left in a box used for keeping tea in, usually kept in the warehouse. The prosecutor told him to leave the box containing the remainder of the tea in a hogshead in the shop, out of the reach of the customers and where he could see it. The prisoner did as he was directed, and a short time after the prosecutor sent the prisoner on an errand, and whilst he was away the prosecutor had the box and tea weighed. It weighed 20*lb.* 13*oz.* gross. The prosecutor then had the box put back to the place where the prisoner had left it. When the prisoner returned the prosecutor told him to take the tea into the warehouse up-stairs. He took the tea there and

from the time he was up the prosecutor suspected something was wrong. When the prisoner came into the shop he noticed his trousers pockets were bulky. He then sent out for some apples, and whilst he was away he had the same box brought down into the shop and weighed. It then only weighed 20*lb.* 8*oz.*—5*oz.* short. The prisoner entered the shop whilst the box was being weighed, and, seeing what was taking place, made an effort to go through the parlour into the yard. The prosecutor followed and got in front of him, and said, "Edwin, that box of green tea which you fetched this evening I had weighed before you took it upstairs. I have weighed it again, and it is now short of the weight, and you have the tea in your pocket." The prisoner said he had not, on which the prosecutor said, "It is no use you saying you have not, out with it." The prisoner again said he had not. The prosecutor then said it was no use, on which the prisoner put his hands into his trousers pocket and took out a parcel of tea, produced, wrapped up loosely without twice. The prisoner then said, "I hope you will look over it." I replied, "No; I believe you have been robbing me for years." While the police-constable was being sent for, the prosecutor again said to the prisoner, "You have got some more tea in your pocket." He said, "No;" but afterwards put his hand into his trousers pocket and took out a paper containing half a pound of coffee. When the prisoner was charged his residence was searched, and about half a sack of parcels containing several articles of grocery, which there could be but little doubt belonged to the prosecutor, was found. Mr. Cooke said it was a case which he should send for trial.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

ASSAULT BY AN AUCTIONEER.—John Acton, 20, Great Queen-street, Drury-lane, auctioneer, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with assaulting Mr. Henry John Capon, beerhouse keeper, of No. 25, Noel-street, Wardour-street, and also with breaking a pane of glass to the value of £2 10*s.* Mr. Capon said: On the 21st of December the prisoner came to my house and asked for half a pint of porter. I served him, and he laid down a sovereign. I told him that I had no change, and he drank the beer, and left, and afterwards came back and paid me. At nine o'clock the same night the prisoner came again with a friend, and the friend called for a pint of spiced beer, and asked for it to be boiling hot, but on its being supplied to him he could not drink it. The prisoner, after abusing me, threw the beer into my face, scalding and nearly blinding me. He then threw a pot at me, and took a second one and threw it with such violence, that had I not stooped and avoided it I have no doubt that I should have been killed—the measure being doubled up, and on a door that it came in contact with there was an indentation. The prisoner then broke a pane of glass to the value of 5*s.*, and when he got outside challenged me to come out, and see what he would do. While my wife was gone for a constable the prisoner's friend got him away, and I applied for a warrant and had him apprehended. A witness said: While getting my supper beer I heard the prisoner make use of bad language to Mr. Capon, and then throw the pot of beer in his face, and afterwards the pot at him, and then break the window. Mrs. Elizabeth Capon, wife of the complainant, said: The prisoner's friend asked for a pint of very best spiced beer, and paid for it, and because it was too hot the prisoner called her husband a thief, and said, "I'll throw this into your face," and he then threw the beer into her husband's face, and then threw two measures at him. She went round the counter for the purpose of going for a constable, her husband being blinded at the time, and the prisoner dashed his fist through the window, and made off. There had been a grievance existing between her husband and the prisoner, but that had been forgotten. The prisoner: I told the complainant that it was shabby of him not to change the sovereign, and that I had a great mind to throw the beer at him, and he said, "Do it," and I did so, and he then threw a pot at me, and I threw one at him. I don't recollect how the window was broken. Mr. Tyrwhitt said the prisoner had some former malice against the complainant, and because the complainant did not change his sovereign his bad spirit had revived again. It was a bad assault, and the prisoner might have killed the complainant. He should commit the prisoner for six weeks for the assault, and order him to pay the amount of the damage, and 2*s.* 6*d.* fine, or another month. That, perhaps, would have the effect of teaching the prisoner that he must not be so cruel to people.

WORSHIP STREET.

JARS AND JAMBS.—George Baynes, a respectable-looking man living in Shackelwell-lane, Kingsland, was charged with violently assaulting his wife, Caroline Baynes, who stated: My husband came home on the 20th inst. and called me bad names. He took up a piece of toast and was going to throw it at me, but he didn't, because I told him that if he did I would throw a cup of tea at him. But he kept quarrelling, and afterwards turned me out of doors, jambed my hand, threw two bowls of water over me, and struck me on the nose. Cross-examined: I followed him to the street. He did not turn me out, but I did not use any abusive language to him. Mr. Hutson, the attorney: Now, have you not pledged his shirts? Wife: Certainly not. Mr. Hutson: You swear that you have not pledged six of his shirts? Wife: I do. Mr. Hutson: Not any? Wife: I didn't say that. Mr. Hutson: Well, come, how many? Wife: Why, one, to be sure. Mr. Hutson: Now, what does he allow you a week? Wife: Why, 20*s.*—but I don't always get it. For instance, he only gave me 17*s.* last week. Mr. Hutson: Did you not take a set of old china away from his home? Wife: I took it last night to a relation's. Mr. Hutson: Was the jam very severe? Wife: No, not very. Mr. Hutson: Has he jambed you before? Wife: No. Mr. Hutson: Did the blow on the face hurt you? Wife: It made my nose bleed. Mr. Hutson: Could it have been done with the back of his hand? Wife: Yes. Mr. Hutson: Was he complaining of your being tipsy when he came home? Wife: I had been drinking one day when he came home. Constable: The defendant told me she was drunk successively for days together. Mr. Hutson: I fear that this is the groundwork of the whole affair, and that there are constantly jars and jambs. Defendant was bound over to keep the peace for the term of six months in sureties of £30.

NEW WORKS.

THE BRITISH WORKMAN, Part XII; BRITISH WORKMAN'S ALMANACK, 1867; BAND OF HOPE REVIEW, Part II, new series; BAND OF HOPE ALMANACK, 1867. London, S. Partridge, 9, Paternoster-row. These highly moral and beneficial publications for the working classes generally are maintained in all their spirit of usefulness, and that they must do a vast amount of good in inculcating sober and industrious habits among the industrial community there can be no question of doubt, and the engravings are all admirably drawn and engraved.

Literature.

THE SECRET CHAMBER.
CHAPTER I.

THE return of Rollin Glynn to Riverfield caused quite a sensation. Years ago he had left that quiet little village to be a private soldier in the Peninsular war. So reduced was he then in circumstances, that he had been obliged to leave his wife and daughter to the charity of his neighbours. His wife, whose health had long been failing, was soon placed beneath the green sod of the churchyard, where she found that rest which had been denied her upon earth. Her married life had been a continual struggle; not that her husband ill-treated her, but he was one of those luckless individuals who never seem to prosper. In his despair he had enlisted. This blow had crushed out the last hope in his wife's heart, who had truly loved him, and she soon pined away and died. The daughter found a home beneath the roof of the Widow Tennent, who treated her with as much kindness as she did her only child, a stout lad named Albion.

When everybody thought that Rollin Glynn was dead, as he had not been heard from so long, he came back to Riverfield to claim his daughter, now a girl of seventeen. And, what astonished the good people the most, he appeared to have returned rich, for he bought "Cooper's Folly," and paid for it in ready cash.

He would say he had found his fortune in Spain, and that was all. He pursued no visible occupation, which led every one to suppose that his wealth must be sufficient to afford him a large income from its investment, though no one could ever ascertain how or where it was invested.

There was another matter appertaining to Rollin Glynn which excited the curiosity of the village—he never invited any friends to visit him. His only guest was a stranger, a brother soldier, who had been in the same company with him in the war. This man, though past the meridian of life, was still youthful in appearance. He was a tall, well-formed man, with a florid complexion, a sharp grey eye, and sandy hair and whiskers. He would come to Riverfield, and stop for weeks at a time at Rollin Glynn's house. His name was Ned McColech—so he called himself. He was what the world calls a "good fellow"—that is, he always had plenty of money to spend on his friends, and was never so happy as when he could gather a crowd of village gossips around him, and tell them anecdotes of the war. He had led a wild, adventurous life, his humour was inexhaustible, and his stories were told with that zest which only an actual participation in the scenes recounted can impart. He could sing a good song, too, in a deep baritone, at once strong and pleasant. No wonder such a man should become a great favourite among the toppers of Riverfield.

The little tavern was his favourite resort. He would pass night after night there until the grey light of morning; then leaving his companions in various stages of inebriation, he would

Ella tripped lightly down to the river's bank to keep her tryst with Albion, she was disagreeably surprised at seeing McColech emerge from the trees.

"McColech here!" she exclaimed, much annoyed.

"Why not McColech?" he answered, coolly. "It is as good a name as Tennent. You forget, Ella, that I am your father's oldest, best friend, his comrade through the war. He esteems me as if I were already his son."

"His son!" and the girl curled her lip, scornfully. "My father either esteems or—"

"Fears me, you would say," answered McColech, with an ambiguous smile.

"Fear you!" she answered, disdainfully; "my father, he is good, so brave, fear you?"

"Good and brave!" answered McColech. "Ay, doubtless he is both, and yet you have seen him shrink before me; and you, Ella, must either fear or love me—which shall it be?"

"Neither the one nor the other!" answered Ella, haughtily.

"Indeed!" he replied, almost mockingly as it seemed, and with a cruel smile upon his lips; "but I shall not despair. The capricious are prone to change on the sudden like the weathercock on yonder steeple; and who's so capricious as a girl in her teens? But it grows late; this place is lonely, and—"

"I am not in the least afraid," she interrupted him. "Good night."

He stood in the narrow pathway directly before her, and prevented her from passing.



NETHER TABLEY, CHESHIRE. (See page 459.)

"Cooper's Folly" was a little house built of grey stone, something in the shape of a fortalice of the olden time. It had been erected by a gentleman of the name of Cooper, who, pleased with the romantic scenery of the valley, had it constructed for a summer residence. He had copied the design from some old plate, and called it the "Castle." But he soon grew tired of it, and, as he could not sell it, perched as it were among the rocks, and of no value to the practical farmers in the neighbourhood, he left it to its fate, suffering it to go to wreck and ruin. So it became known in the village as "Cooper's Folly"—a title very expressive of the opinion of the Riverfield folks of its founder.

So it remained until Rollin Glynn became its purchaser. He soon made it habitable, and took up his abode there with his daughter. A venerable spinster of the village, Nancy Parker, was engaged as housekeeper, and her nephew, Sam, as man of all work, and to take care of the horses—for Rollin Glynn was now able to keep his carriage, and a beautiful saddle pony for his daughter's special use.

The wonder of his coming and his great change of fortune soon died away. He took a pew at the village church, and soon settled down as one of the people. Though urbane and friendly with all his former acquaintances, he could never be brought to speak about the means by which he had acquired his wealth.

walk steadily up the road to the "Folly," and let himself in with a pass-key without disturbing any of its slumbering inmates. Though he drank an inordinate quantity of liquor, it seemed to have no more effect upon him than so much water, and strangest of all, he never babbled his secrets in his cups. In vain had the village gossips endeavoured to extract from him the story of Rollin Glynn's newly-acquired wealth. "Oh, we found a gold mine there," he would say, jestingly, and then branch off at once into another subject.

There was one person, however, in Riverfield on whom McColech used his art of pleasing without success. Ella Glynn received all his approaches with a cool dignity which baffled his usual effrontery. He felt the immeasurable distance which separated them, and whilst he acknowledged it, he secretly chafed at it. If he had any designs on her heart they were useless, for that heart was bestowed upon her youthful playmate, Albion Tennent.

Ella's change of fortune had made no difference in her feelings towards Albion, and as her father had a strange aversion to receiving visitors, she could not see him at her own house, so she was accustomed to meet him in the cool of the evening in a little grove by the river's side.

McColech, whose keen eyes were ever on the alert, had discovered the meeting place of the lovers, and one evening, when

"Good night is no password with me," he said, brusquely. "It is your father's will that you return to the house immediately."

Ella's spirit was aroused by his words and actions, and she replied, quite sharply, "I am sure that it is not my father's wish that you play the part of a spy upon his daughter's actions, nor is it his command that I should return home until I feel so disposed."

"Well, then," returned McColech, arrogantly; "if it is not your father's command, it is my command."

"Yours?" cried Ella, in amazement. She thought the man must be either crazy or intoxicated. She was soon to be convinced that he was neither.

"Yes," continued McColech, "it is my command, and I warn you to obey it, or dread a result which will not be pleasant to all parties."

"You cannot terrify me by threats," answered Ella, undauntedly.

"Ella," said McColech, coming close to her, and speaking each word with terrible distinctness, which was the more impressive from the absence of all passion in his tone, "you shall soon learn whether I am to be despised, feared, or loved by the daughter of Rollin Glynn. You should know that when your

W. R. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD, ESQ.

doing all that can be done still further to develop the almost illimitable resources of that great and wealthy country, there is a wide field open for the ambition of any man. I can only pray that God may give me power to fulfil the duties thus imposed upon me; and I can only express a hope that I shall be able to carry them out satisfactorily. In accomplishing this object no sacrifice, trust, will be too arduous and I sincerely hope that nothing shall prevent me to the very utmost of my power doing my duty. And now, for a moment, let me turn away from myself and a consideration of the circumstances in which I am placed. Hitherto, when I have addressed you I have had an opportunity of referring to political matters—in no party spirit, I hope—but to those political matters which were necessarily interesting to us all. I cannot do that at the present moment for various reasons. In the first place, I am no longer in parliament; and in the second, the very fact that I am going abroad and shall not be mixed up in any political strife, makes it impossible for me to refer, as I have hitherto been accustomed to do, to the stirring and prominent political topics which are engaging the attention of the country. I have said that I am going where, necessarily, I shall have to undertake great responsibilities; but believe me, the times in which you all live, and the circumstances in which you are all placed, entail upon each and every one of you a grave responsibility. With you it will rest whether that which has been the glorious fabric of our constitution shall be amended or improved, or whether it shall be destroyed. With you it rests whether the privileges which you have so long enjoyed, and which have secured to you liberty, shall be extended to those who are able to exercise those privileges as well probably, as you, or whether they shall be made common to all the world—whether they shall be made merely of no use or value to those who are able to exercise them well by being extended to those who will abuse them. To carry reform there must be a concession on both sides."

"Now, Ella," said M'Collech, who was observing the consternation he had caused with a sardonic smile, "go with me, and th

held the lamp up towards the door. The light flashed upon a bright object. Could she believe her eyes? She sprang quick-

held the lamp up towards the door. The light flashed upon a bright object. Could she believe her eyes? She sprang quick-

"Yes, my child, yes." And it was sad to see that manly head bowed with shame—the father shrinking from his daughter.

eyes. "Ella, my child, guilty as I am, you—you will not despise me?"

The strong voice was like a child's wail as he asked the question.

"Despise you?" she echoed, throwing her arms round his neck, and pressing his head caressingly to her bosom. "Oh, father, let us quit this place, go somewhere where we are unknown, forsake this evil life. I am young and strong. I will work for you. Better live upon a crust a day, honestly acquired, than feast on dainties purchased by the price of crime."

"Ella, it shall be so. I have for some time been thinking of withdrawing from this criminal and dangerous life. But there is no need for us to quit this place. I am now in possession of a competence, and will engage in some honourable pursuit, repaying, as years pass on, my depredations upon the world by acts of charity. To-night, ere I sleep, will I destroy every vestige of my crime, and sin no more. I have disposed of your fate already."

"Disposed of me?" asked Ella, in surprise.

"Yes, my child. I met Albin Tennent on my return, and he told me what was no secret to me, that you had long loved each other, and begged my consent to your union, which I at once granted. The happy day shall be fixed at an early date. When I see you comfortably settled for the future, I shall no longer have a care."

"Father, this marriage is now impossible."

"Impossible! What do you mean?"

"Am I the fit mate for an honest man? Should your crime ever be made public, would he not curse her who linked dishonour to his good name?"

Rollin Glynn groaned in anguish.

"My poor, innocent child!" he exclaimed, "must my evil deeds be visited upon your guiltless head?"

"It is the inevitable law," answered Ella, sadly.

"The world cannot be so pitiless," he cried, with energy. "Let a death of ignominy be my portion—I deserve it—but heaven temper the hearts of men to show mercy to my blameless child."

This adjuration was pronounced with imploring accents and upturned eyes. It was the prayer of a conscience-stricken man. The fair girl gazed mournfully upon the old man.

"I am punished!" moaned the unhappy parent, shrinking beneath his child's words, whose truth his judgment could not question. "Oh, Ella, this is a bitter hour for us both. Your mother, now looking down upon us from heaven, must weep to see the evil I have brought upon her child."

"It is not yet too late to repair that evil," cried Ella, with energy. "Destroy the proofs of your guilt, let us seek another home, among strangers, far from here, and we may yet be happy."

"Happy, Ella—and Albin Tennent?"

"Will find another sweetheart, I trust," returned Ella, but her voice was tremulous with the anguish of her heart, notwithstanding the strong effort she made to control herself; "one more worthy of him than I am. There, there, say no more, father. I must have my way in this. It grows late. Good night. Remember your promise—destroy that fatal evidence!"

She kissed him, took up her lamp, and hurried away. When she reached her chamber, where none but the All-seeing Eye could gaze upon her, then, and not till then, did she give way to the sorrow which swept over her like a flood.

CHAPTER III.

SHE had a painful duty to perform, and the evening of the next day found her prepared to do it. She had met Albin at their accustomed trysting-place by the river's bank. He noticed her unusual emotion, and thus questioned her.

"Ella, why must I ask in vain for an explanation? These tears, this emotion—the same that I witnessed before in the presence of M'Colloch? Do you think, Ella, I have forgotten your strange agitation and unaccountable conduct when he whispered those words in your ear? Ella, am I unworthy of your confidence—I that am to be your future husband?"

The fatal moment had arrived, and she nerved herself for the effort. Poor girl! how she suffered. The tears that streamed down her pale cheeks were mute witnesses to the agony of mind she was enduring.

"You my husband?" she faltered. "No, Albin, never."

These words filled him with utter astonishment, and he gazed upon her as if doubting the evidence of his own senses.

"Never, Ella? What means this sudden change in you? I never thought you could be fickle. Have I offended you? If so, what is my offence?"

"Nothing. I bring no accusation against you."

"Your father has given his consent to our union."

"I know it."

"Good heavens, Ella, do not answer me in that tone—you drive me frantic. What is to prevent our union?"

"That fatal secret," she replied, in choking accents, "which I cannot, dare not disclose, even to you. You will hear it soon enough, Albin, and then you will teach your honest heart to reject her whom you once loved; and the grave which I shall seek by the side of my poor father in a distant land will be known only to the stranger."

Tears choked her further utterance.

"I cannot exist without you," he cried, passionately, as he folded her in his strong arms, "and I will not!"

She gently freed herself from his encircling arm, and proceeded, with a sad tenderness that was touching to behold.

"Albin, whatever be my doom, whatever mystery enshrouds my future actions, believe that I loved you, and only you, and think of me as one dead to you. Albin, you must forget me. An insurmountable barrier has suddenly arisen between us. It is hard to part, but you and I must separate. There is a circumstance which will compel my father to forsake his home, and that speedily. It is my sacred duty to become the companion of his exile, the partner of his sorrow."

She paused, but after an effort she continued, for he was too much amazed by her words to seek to interrupt her.

"The ruin, perhaps the disgrace, the ill-name of a father casts its dark shadow over his unhappy child! Albin, pity me, but seek to know no more!"

She turned to depart, but he gently withheld her.

"Ella," he cried, "you shall not leave me thus. In the sight of heaven, I am yours, you mine! Our destinies are mutual—our joys and sorrows must be one! Will you cast me off? Speak, Ella!"

"Not now—not now!" she answered, struggling like a frightened bird to release herself from his grasp.

"To-morrow, then?" he pleaded.

"To-morrow," she replied.

He released her, and she bounded up the path, and was soon

lost to sight. The lover's heart was hopeful—not so Ella's. She believed the morrow would find her far away.

Albin strolled down by the river's side, and casting himself beneath a shelving rock, watched the foaming waters as they dashed along their rocky stream. Large rocks jutted up from the bed of the stream, forming a kind of barrier which the mad waves triumphantly surmounted in showery spray and snowy foam. This rapid was called the "cauldron," and was one of the sights of the village. Were to the unhappy voyager whose frail boat became engulfed in the boiling waters of the "cauldron." Its jagged rocks and seething waves had destroyed the lives of many victims.

Albin, lost in thought, lay beneath the shadow of the rock, glancing absently at the sun's declining beams glinting over the wild waters. He was suddenly aroused from this abstraction by the sound of voices.

He looked up, and beheld Rollin Glynn and M'Colloch. They came down the path without perceiving him, and seated themselves upon a crag which overhung the river.

He was about to avert his eyes, when their words riveted his attention and sealed his lips. Thus inadvertently he became an unseen listener to the conversation that ensued.

"We are alone," said M'Colloch.

"What am I to understand," exclaimed Glynn, impatiently, "by this strange request that I should walk with you to the river's bank? If you have aught to say, why could it not be as well spoken in the house?"

"It suits my humour to speak it here," answered M'Colloch, with his usual nonchalance.

"Speak, then, what is it?"

"Ella's marriage with young Tennent cannot take place!"

These words caused Rollin Glynn to spring to his feet in astonishment. These words tied Albin's tongue, and made him an eavesdropper.

"Cannot!" returned M'Colloch, quietly, and enjoying the other's amazement; "she must become the wife of another."

"Another! What other?"

"Myself!"

It was evident that Glynn thought his companion to be jesting, for he said, after gazing at him a few moments in silent wonder, "You, M'Colloch? At your age—she so young? Surely you do not speak in earnest?"

"Why not?" answered M'Colloch, with assurance. "The girl pleases my fancy. If you had possessed eyes you might have seen that long ago. Besides, I hate Albin Tennent—he's one of your moral kind, and looks on whisky as a deadly poison—and I am resolved to thwart him. Ella, I repeat it, must be mine!"

"It cannot be," answered Glynn, with decision. "No, never."

"Is that your fixed resolution?"

"It is—unalterably fixed."

"Can nothing change it?"

"Nothing that you can urge."

"Let us see. Have you heard the latest news from Edinburgh? He took a newspaper from his pocket as he spoke. "The great amount of counterfeited money that has lately been put into circulation has induced the banks to club together and offer a reward of five hundred pounds for the detection and conviction of the counterfeiters. A little sum to finger—is it not?"

"You would not betray me?" cried Glynn, aghast.

In his excitement, Albin shivered as he heard these words. The secret was now one no longer, and he understood the cause of Ella's emotion, and the mysterious power M'Colloch had exercised over her.

"Self-preservation is the first law in nature," replied M'Colloch, coldly. "I have been your accomplice, now I will become—"

"My accuser?" questioned Glynn, filling up the pause.

"Or your son-in-law!" returned M'Colloch, with fierce earnestness.

"Impossible!" answered Glynn, with scornful dignity. "I prefer disgrace—nay, even death, to the breaking of my child's heart."

"I am answered," said M'Colloch, with a malignant look. "You know me—what I say I'll do as good as done."

He arose from the rock and prepared to depart, but Glynn grasped him by the arm and detained him.

"M'Colloch," he said, with much earnestness, "do not abandon me thus. Recollect the many perils we have encountered together, the hardships we have shared with each other, our vows of eternal friendship. Brother soldier, you will not betray me—you, who once preserved my life upon the battle-field? Have you forgotten, M'Colloch, when you dragged me, wounded, from under the wheels of the cannon. No; you would not destroy the man you there so bravely rescued! No, no, you are jesting, comrade."

The other was unmoved by this appeal.

"Surely, it is but a slight recompense for my services to convert the preserver of your life into your son-in-law," he said, with sarcasm.

"Impossible! It would kill Ella."

"Would it be easier should she see you perish?"

"For me, it would be easier."

"In a dungeon?" sneered M'Colloch.

"Anywhere," answered the distracted father, "rather than sacrifice my child!"

"Then be it so," returned M'Colloch, with sudden ferocity; for the firmness of Glynn, which he had not counted on, enraged him. "You have decided your fate—I shall turn king's evidence!"

"Are you mad, Edward M'Colloch," demanded Glynn, placing himself in the other's path, and completely barring his departure, "that thus for an idle fancy—a boyish whim unworthy a man of your years—you would pull down sure destruction upon both our heads?"

"Ella must be mine!" returned M'Colloch, doggedly.

"Never!" answered Glynn, with exasperation. "Think not my actions can be swayed by your threats. Like a coward, you betrayed my crime—our crime, for you were the tempting serpent that entered my Eden and made it a desert, blighted by the foul canker, guilt—like a coward, I say, you betrayed me to my child, that she might turn with loathing and abhorrence from the author of her being! But you cannot enmesh me in your slimy folds. Know that I have destroyed every evidence of my crime. The copper, plate, tools, and all, I consigned last night to the flames—not a vestige remains; no, not a solitary counterfeit note—not a scrap of paper!"

"But you have not destroyed me!" cried M'Colloch, with devilish malignity. "My evidence is enough to convict you. Think of it—I alone possess the power to drag you to justice, and while I live your fate is in my hands!"

"Say you so?" exclaimed Glynn; "then you shall never quit this spot alive!"

With a sudden movement he closed upon M'Colloch, who was totally unprepared for the attack, lifted him in his arms, and by sheer force hurled him over the crag, down into the bubbling, seething water below.

Impulsively Albin sprang forward to prevent this desperate deed. His cry was unheeded by Glynn, who bent over the crag and peered into the dark waters beneath, to see if M'Colloch appeared upon the surface. The foaming billows of the "Cauldron" had engulfed him—he was nowhere in sight.

The murderer rose tremulously to his feet, awe-stricken by the fearful deed he had just committed; as he did so, he encountered the gaze of Albin, a cry of alarm burst from his lips, he staggered backwards, lost his footing upon the slippery crag, and plunged downwards into the yawning void. One cry of mortal anguish rang out upon the still twilight air, and then all was hushed. The murderer had shared his victim's fate!

Albin remained for a few moments rooted to the spot in silent horror; then, with shaking limbs and a deathly sickness at the heart, he hastened, with what speed he could, back to the village, to give the alarm and ask for assistance.

CHAPTER IV.

THE villagers came readily to his call, for Mr. Glynn was much respected among them, provided with torches, and the necessary articles to drag the river for the bodies, for nobody deemed for a moment that any one could fall among the sharp rocks and deep waters of the "Cauldron" and escape with life.

Albin had not disclosed the fearful secret he had learned, or the death-struggle he had witnessed, to his neighbours. For Ella's sake, he had kept those weighty matters locked in his own breast. He merely told the villagers that he had seen Mr. Glynn and M'Colloch fall into the river. The general impression was that M'Colloch had been drinking, and had rashly ventured too near the edge of the crag, thereby losing his footing, and that Mr. Glynn had fallen in attempting to rescue him. A great pity that a worthy man should lose his life for such a worthless scapegrace. Albin was careful not to contradict this belief.

Their search that night for the bodies was unsuccessful. Ella—it was impossible to keep the knowledge of the accident from her—was like one frantic. Albin in vain endeavoured to console her. M'Colloch had murdered her father she kept reiterating. The villagers shook their heads gravely at these words—they could not understand them. Why should M'Colloch do this?—what motive had he for the deed? they asked. But Ella could not answer them, she could only wring her hands piteously, and repeat her moaning accusation. At last Albin, who feared she might disclose her father's secret guilt in her despair, got her home in his cottage, and placed her in his mother's charge, with a strict injunction to keep the gossips away from her.

"What did she mean by her strange words?" asked Squire Hadley of Albin. "There seems to be some strange mystery in this accident. Are you sure it was an accident, young man?" he suddenly interrogated, fixing his eyes full upon Albin.

But the young farmer was not to be taken unawares. He was fully resolved in his own mind that no word should pass his lips that would cast a cloud upon the fair name of the girl he had resolved to call his wife. The guilty man had passed away, and their fatal secret was known only to himself and Ella; he would not betray it, and Ella's words, did she say too much, could be attributed to the delirium of grief at her father's loss, and so he answered:—

"Squire Hadley, I can tell you no more than I have already told you. I saw Mr. Glynn and M'Colloch fall into the river, and hastened at once to the village to give the alarm."

With this account the worthy Squire was obliged to be satisfied; but there still rested upon his mind, the result of Ella's incoherent words, an indefinable suspicion that foul play had something to do with these sudden deaths.

The next day the bodies were found floating in the river a mile below the spot where they had met their doom. They were so bruised and mutilated by the jagged rocks as scarcely to be recognisable. Their clothes, however, sufficiently identified them.

Albin and Ella were summoned to the inquest. The poor girl was strictly interrogated as to her reason for believing that M'Colloch had made way with her father, but her mind had now recovered its balance—thanks to the good counsels of the Widow Tennent, whom she regarded as a mother—and she replied that she had no other reason for her belief than a strange power that M'Colloch had over her father, who seemed to fear him.

Squire Hadley shook his head gravely, dismissed her, and summoned Albin.

"Had he witnessed any altercation—any struggle between the deceased? Could he say if they were quarrelling?"

"He could not." That is, he would not.

"It is evident to me, gentlemen," said Squire Hadley, in conclusion, "that these men had some misunderstanding, resulting in a scuffle, in which they lost their footing and were precipitated into the river; but, under the circumstances, I think we had better return a verdict of 'Accidental death.'"

Rollin Glynn and M'Colloch were placed in the village churchyard side by side, for so Ella willed it, and the two soldiers, who had shared the same blanket after many a hard day's march, rested in peace where never beat of drum or bugle call could wake them more.

Ella never returned to the "Folly," but fixed her residence in her old home with the Widow Tennent, removing whatever she valued from the "Folly" thither, for it seemed that her father's pale ghost walked its narrow corridors and stealthily pursued his guilty work of counterfeiting in the turret-chamber. The servants were discharged, the old house was deserted, and it soon became a worse ruin than it was before Rollin Glynn became its occupant.

A year passed away, and then Albin, who had never spoken one word of love in all this time, said to Ella, "You have worn black long enough; Ella, you must now change to white. I have waited patiently for a year, and now we must be married."

"Oh, Albin, if you only knew—"

"I know more than you imagine. Listen." He recounted to her all that had taken place on that fearful evening. "Now, dearest, my happiness is not to be destroyed by a mistaken sense of shame. Your father's secret is buried with him; our union need no longer be deferred. Shall we be married next week?"

"So soon?"

"After waiting a year!"

"I suppose I must consent."

"Do you?"

"Yes."

The "Folly" still rears its crumbling walls, and the angler passes it on his way to the crags where the yellow perch lurk in the shadows below. One summer's day, when tired of the angle, I asked an old, grey-haired farmer the story of the house, and you have read what he told me; for I had stumbled on the very man himself, even Albin Tennent, as I have called him—for you will understand that I have changed these names, but the locality I could not change. It is there still, beneath the shadow of the Green Mountains, and, if you have ever been there, you may recall it.

Varieties.

If a young woman bids you take heart, you probably can take hers.

Compulsion in matters of religion never persuades, but it makes hypocrites.

Be careful how you buy goods measured by a shopkeeper whose dishonesty is unmeasured.

Every peacock is well convinced that the eyes of all the world are upon his tail.

Some ladies are just as fiddlers do resin—to add them in drawing a beau.

The shrine of soul set fair in the temple of body.

There is nobody so abashed that he is not tall enough to look down on others.

A man is oftener hated by the many without reason than loved by them without it.

A young lady should take heed when an admirer bends low before her. The bent beau is dangerous.

Nothing condemns more powerfully the violence of the wicked man than the moderation of the good.

When a man presents himself before a public audience, it often happens that his body is inclined to sink while his head swims.

"I can always," said a vain young preacher, "write a sermon in one short hour."—"Oh, yes, and make nothing of it," replied a parishioner.

Poor is the education which neglects the muscles while it tries to inform the mind; the highest life is ever the apt perfection of the two.

There are many trials in life which do not seem to come from unwisdom or folly. There are silver arrows shot from the bow of God and fixed inextricably in the quivering heart.

"You gave me a fine joint of veal," said a poor man to his patron; "but I have several mouths to feed, and now, like the times, I am out of joint."

"I am sorry to say," said a sheriff to a handsome young widow, "that I have an attachment for you."—"I am happy to say, sir, that I don't!"

A NATIVE of the Emerald Isle, while on a begging expedition, was asked by a lady if she had any children. "Yes, mum," replied Biddy, with great readiness, "I am the mother of an orphan."

The two most precious things on this side of the grave are character and life; and it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whelp may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other.

"The little darling, he didn't strike Mrs. Smith's baby a purpose, did he? It was a mere accident, wasn't it, dear?"—"Yes, ma, to be sure it was; and if he don't behave himself, I'll crack him again."

INQUIETUDE OF MIND.—Inquietude of mind cannot be prevented without first eradicating all your inclinations and passions, the winds and tides that preserve the great ocean of human life from perpetual stagnation.

The force of habit affects even our palates; we in time acquire a relish for what was once perfectly nauseous. The Greenland detests turtle-soup as much as we abominate train-oil.

COLUMBINE, the poet and philosopher, once arriving at an inn, called out, "Waiter, do you dine here collectively or individually?" "Sir," replied the knight of the napkin, "we dine at six."

I know of but one safe thing in the universe—and that is, truth. And I know of but one way to truth for an individual mind—and that is, unfettered thought. And I know of but one path for the multitude to truth—and that is, thought freely expressed.

"How are you to-day?" said a gentleman to a neighbour, whose wife was ill.—"Oh, I'm suffering a good deal from a badly-diseased rib."

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ONE PENNY.
THE BLUE DOOR,
AND WHO KNOCKED AT IT.
DEC. 5.
ONE PENNY.
THE BLUE DOOR.
THE GENTLEMAN IN EVENING DRESS.
DEC. 5.
ONE PENNY.
THE BLUE DOOR.
THE LADY IN BLACK SILK, TRIMMED
WITH WHITE.
DEC. 5.
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THE BLUE DOOR.
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SWALLOW-TAIL COAT.
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